

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 15, No. 50. (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.)  
Office—56 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, OCT. 25, 1902.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c.  
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. } Whole No. 778

## Things in General.

**TARTE!** Who has not heard of Tarte? He is certainly the best advertised man in Canada. This must bring a certain amount of solace to the ex-Minister of Public Works, though he was so summarily dismissed by his friend the Premier. No one seems to understand Mr. Tarte nor to be able to logically construe his motives, in antagonizing the Cabinet of which he was a member, by raising an agitation in favor of an increased tariff when there was practically no demand being made for such governmental action and the next general election was years in the distance. Possibly the mystery of Mr. Tarte is like the mystery with which women are invested. I have always been of the opinion that a woman's motives are mysterious simply because they are supposed to be. Her chief mystery is in her lack of mysteriousness. She is more or less guided by intuition and acts oddly sometimes because she is hysterical, but she is also fond of admiration, of being in the middle of the stage—whatever that stage may be—and of being applauded for her most trivial acts. It is no use to attempt to belittle Mr. Tarte, for he is possessed of a genius for politics, but, like the majority of physically small men, he is fond of being in sight, being cheered, and of doing things, or at least saying things, which look large. A friend asked me the other day if I thought Tarte was capable of doing really large things, or was his forte simply in talking about doing great things? Really the only large things he has done have been in matters of political organization. As Minister of Public Works he has not been noticeable for what he has accomplished. His plans have been immense, his promises correspondingly great, his performances remarkably small. He is active in politics because he loves politics, and I am not at all convinced that at heart he was untrue to his leader or to his party in the campaign which has brought him disaster as a Minister. It is probable that he thought that he was doing the Liberal party, the Premier and his colleagues a great service in trying to force upon them a protectionist view, with which I must admit that I am absolutely in accord. His genius for politics led him to observe that the people of this country are not only firmly convinced that protection is a good policy, but are at the same time intensely resentful of all advantages our republican neighbors obtain in their dealings with this country—a country which they affect to despise. While he may have thought he was doing good for his leader, his party and his country, it appeared as if he were enjoying intensely the large figure he was making of himself on the political stage. Nowhere is he suspected of a lust for money for money's sake, but it is quite possible that he enjoyed getting money for the possibility it gave him of cutting a wide swath in politics. It is openly charged that of recent years he has been lending his influence to a large railway corporation and advocating as national projects schemes which competent observers have held to be in the interest of a transportation company rather than the whole people. In this matter I have no intention of urging that he was corrupt; he was probably no more than enthusiastic, and when once launched upon the enterprise he felt bound for the sake of the political influence success brings to every man, to win his case. Probably in the matter of protection he was simply whirled along by the tide of the applause he was receiving and forgot the constitutional mistake he was making in advocating a policy in which the Government of which he was a member had not acquiesced.

For some reason I always associated Hon. J. Isaac Tarte and the late Ald. Hallam in my mind as being of the same class, the ex-Minister of Public Works of course being the man of much the greater capacity. The late Mr. Hallam could always be elected in his ward, frequently brought confusion to his colleagues, was always nervous and energetic, even to the point of being fussy; and not unlike in appearance and quite similar in methods if not in calibre, both men had the singular capacity for being much talked about in their very disproportionate spheres. Disappointment killed the smaller man of the two, but it is having very little effect on the greater one. With remarkable energy, and for him wonderful tact, Mr. Tarte is pursuing the even tenor of his way, and we may be sure that as long as he is alive we shall not fail to hear from him. He cannot be suppressed, and having made friends with a large element in the Liberal party which desires a suitable readjustment of the tariff, having become an ally of the Manufacturers' Association, and being looked at so coaxingly by the Opposition, he still has great opportunities, backed as he will be by large corporations, of being no inconsiderable factor in politics. French Canada will still follow Laurier, but if Laurier should cease to lead owing to his reported ill health, a disintegration of Liberalism may be expected. This will be hastened if, while casting out Mr. Tarte, the Liberals of Canada repudiate the doctrines of which he was the self-elected apostle in the Liberal ranks. In brief, the Liberals can do without Mr. Tarte, but they cannot do without the policy which he advocated with such a singular lack of good taste with regard to his colleagues. A couple of weeks ago a very well-informed politician told me that if Sir John A. Macdonald had had to do with a similar episode he would have dismissed Tarte from his Cabinet and at once taken possession of his policy. If the Liberals are wise this will be their method, and Hon. Mr. Parent, Premier of Quebec, an honest, prudent and energetic man, much beloved by the French-Canadians, will be taken into the Cabinet to succeed the man who made such a great dash for some indefinite purpose and temporarily seems to have come a cropper. In the meantime it would do those still left in the Cabinet an immense amount of good to hear the unflattering comparisons which are being made between the expelled Tarte and the blackbirds that remain in the pie, who may be inclined to begin to sing now that the pie has been opened.

**LOOMING** up in the political and industrial sky of the New World so brightly as to eclipse many of the old luminaries, is the figure of Mitchell, the man who led the striking miners to what they esteem will prove to be a victory. He has not obtruded his personality on the sensation-loving press of the United States, but has modestly endeavored to keep in the background as much as possible. The wisdom of this course is apparent, for had he tried to magnify his importance he would have excited jealousy amongst the suspicious tens of thousands who obeyed him implicitly and almost worshipped him as a deliverer from the house of bondage. He appears to be an unusual young man—considerably less than forty—with an education of the commonest sort and an origin of which practically nothing has been said. He has been in council with the mine and railroad magnates of Pennsylvania, the millionaires of the United States, the President of the Republic, and the greatest men of a country which is notorious for the cleverness with which it lays traps for the feet of the unwary. Yet it would seem that this young man, lacking education, experience, and the tricks of the financier and the politician, has been able to demonstrate himself to be the greatest leader of men and public opinion of them all. Not only has he kept the millionaires and politicians at bay, but he has kept in hand 150,000 miners, suffering, no doubt, many hardships and privations, for months, during which the mental strain must have been almost unbearable. He has been the leader

of a movement which, though naturally antagonizing the consumers of coal, has enlisted widespread sympathy not only in the United States, but in Canada, Great Britain and France. He has held in check a naturally lawless horde of hungry men, and the crimes committed during the strike have been singularly few. No man has expressed himself though often forced to speak under the most aggravating circumstances, with greater moderation or greater subtlety. Opportunities to betray his trust must have been numerous, and the fact that he had such embarrassing and irritating surroundings must often have tempted him to capitulate. Without either arrogance or yielding he has borne the sneers and browbeatings of the magnates and the petitions of the fierce and hungry miners, who must often in their despair have appealed to him.

The question which naturally arises is whether this man could have been all that he has been with no certainty as to his future, no greater assistance than is known in his policy, no courage to supplement his own, no mind trained and crafty to guide him, and no strength fortified by experience to keep him from falling down. Unless we believe in modern inspiration we must naturally look for some strength and guidance outside of that furnished by a but partially organized mob of miners. It seems to me that in the great evolution of commerce and industrial schemes in the United States some master mind must have been the mainspring of Mitchell's administration. Men are sometimes raised up to lead a popular movement, but the movement invariably shows the crudity of the individual and at some critical period appeals to force. It would be absurd and unjust to belittle the cleverness and strength of Mitchell, but it is men of unusual ability and possessed of that rare faculty of leadership, who are chosen by those great and crafty minds which by creating a certain condition make millions in a few days, a few weeks or a few months. Politics as well as money-making has become a fine art in the United States, and men who show a capacity for leadership are immediately seized upon to further movements which are intended to be

der, but it did not come down. He had no definite instructions from the company regarding what to do in case of an accident. The subject of the qualifications of motormen as compared with locomotive engineers was discussed the other day in the "Scientific American." Taking as his text the recent narrow escape of President Roosevelt, the writer maintains that most trolley accidents are due to the incompetence of the men in charge of the motors, and urges greater attention to the selection and training of these men. He says:

"Considerations of public safety demand a thorough investigation of the whole subject of the selection and training of motormen; and in considering this question it is necessary to realize at the very outset that the responsibilities of the task assigned to the motorman have been greatly underrated. We venture to assert without fear of contradiction that the driving of a motor car at a moderate speed in a crowded city, or at the higher speeds that obtain in suburban service, calls for closer watchfulness and quicker judgment than the driving of a fast passenger locomotive on a steam railroad. A few considerations will show this. In the first place, the steam locomotive runs on a fenced-in right of way, and has the exclusive use of its own pair of steel rails; its movements are controlled by an elaborate system of signals, which is so arranged that the engineer, except in cases of extraordinary emergency, finds every provision made to assist him in controlling his train and maintaining it in its proper position relative to other trains; there are no cross streets at every 200 to 300 feet, through which other trains may come unheralded to cross his track; nor is there a mass of vehicular or pedestrian traffic that may quickly gather and surge over the track in front of him, necessitating exquisite judgment as to pace and distance if he would avoid continual arrest on the charge of culpable homicide.

"The motorman, on the other hand, runs his car on a public thoroughfare; he has no signals to warn him of obstructions; no carefully marked off distances; no home and

formance. Who are the mirth-makers in Canadian politics of this day? It is to be feared that the only humor of which the present crop of public men are ever guilty is of the unconscious variety. This will not do. While the Grits were still in Opposition, a certain doctor of the name of Landerkin kept the wholesome current of good-nature from stagnating and drying up altogether. But the awful silence of the Senate chamber long since swallowed up both the doctor and his jokes. If he still side-steps merrily in that venerable apartment, the music of his feet is muffled in the depths of velvet pile, and if his voice is yet potent to utter jests for the edification of that ancient company, the gorgeous draperies prevent it from penetrating to the vulgar world outside. Our politicians generally are as stolid as an assemblage of cigar store Indians. The statesman who can make the country laugh as well as think is not in sight. When he arrives he will be welcome, and we'll all vote for him.

**THE** violation of the inter-State commerce law and Sherman anti-trust Act by the Mine Workers' Union, as well as by the railroads controlling the production of anthracite, is receiving considerable attention owing to the general awakening caused by the coal strike. It seems to have just been discovered that an oath-bound secret association, purely industrial, with ramifications extending more or less over the Union, is equally liable to prosecution under the Federal Acts named with the capitalists owning the property out of which this industrial trust makes its living. The New York "Evening Post," noted for its integrity and wisdom, speaks of this industrial association "as a growing and arrogant power without responsibility or the fear of the law." "Irresponsible, incapable of being sued or compelled to live up to a contract," and asserts that somehow, either "by voluntary incorporation on their part, by Act of Congress, or if necessary by constitutional amendment, the power of the nation over these organizations must be asserted and effectively applied."

Commenting upon this mental awakening caused by the protracted strike, the "Star" of this city is fair enough to do justice to principles which have been reiterated on this page almost to the point of becoming tiresome. It says:

"This view has been advanced in Toronto more than once of late by the editor of 'Saturday Night' in connection with local differences between unions and employers. His argument is that the unions exercise so large a power that they should assume a proportionate responsibility, becoming liable for contracts entered into, and guaranteeing the competence of those workmen whom they require an employer to engage in preference to those whom he might himself employ. The idea makes converts, and the leaders of labor will probably find it necessary to give the matter careful attention. It is quite evident that the enemies of unionism could frame legislation along these lines that could be used to the great detriment of the labor interests, but perhaps a plan could be devised in the public welfare without injustice to any."

This idea has never been controverted, though my readers will recognize that for years it has been advanced during numerous industrial strikes when, if it could have been argued away, advocates of the unions as they now exist would have been eager to undertake the task. Before engaging any further in this particular phase of industrial argument, I shall wait to see the matter further sifted by those who are eager to prevent a repetition of such a crisis as was involved in the strike of the coal miners.

**THE** most recent advocate of a western outlet at some port on Hudson Bay is Dr. Sproule, M.P. for East Grey. Together with other Dominion legislators, he has been travelling about the Western country, rediscovering himself, and endeavoring to form an idea of what is necessary to the development of the prairies. Apparently he has not been restrained by his belief in the benefit of a tariff which will prevent the West from being inundated by Yankee products, from coming to a much larger conclusion. In an interview he is represented as saying, "A railway or railways to Hudson Bay would enable grain to be laid down at Fort Churchill, York Factory, or other ports on the bay in about the same time and at the same cost as at Port Arthur." Of course it follows that grain which reaches a seaport at the same price that it reaches the first available lake port could be carried to a British market at a much less price. All of this, of course, is on the presumption that navigation is possible in and from Hudson Bay. I have always been of the belief that such navigation as is possible can be utilized so that much of the products of the prairies could be marketed by a large fleet of steamers in the short season before ice closes the bay to ships. Not only the cereals, but the animals grown in the West, should to a great extent find an exit very promptly towards the close of the season by this means, and the ships could be used during the remainder of the year on some other routes. The decrease of freight rates would be so extraordinary as to make it profitable for a subsidized fleet of ships to enter Hudson Bay and leave it before the ice-pack would become insurmountable. The railways, of course, to the contrary!

**BURGLARY** as a business seems to have been revived in Toronto, the houses of some well-known and wealthy citizens having been recently invaded by "porch climbers" or some such class of thief. It is unnecessary to discuss the exact variety of burglar, and those who have suffered loss are probably more concerned by the loss of property and the shock to their nerves than by the name of the peculiar kind of thieves who troubled them. The lesson that seems to offer itself to the general public is to take more than usual precautions in fastening windows connected with porches, and to admit no one who is not recognized as having a right of access to the house. Thievery is generally a result of hard times, when people who think they cannot make an honest living take to the highways and midnight marauding as more or less of a necessity. The present good times and the carelessness in watching audits, locking doors and bolting windows, seem to have developed a temptation to dishonesty, not only in house-breaking, but in the seizing of property by embezzlement. Citizens are not only robbed by their employees, but are knocked down and their pockets rifled on the streets at night. To those who notice how these things come in waves and how, when the thief successfully evades punishment, he finds imitators, no reading of a prosy moral is necessary. The average business man is supposed to look closely after those who handle his cash, and though times are good he may as well recognize the fact that there is a considerable class of people who think that owing to so much prosperity it should be unnecessary for them to work. Presumably money is easily got, and to those who have this idea the getting of it by apparently unusually easy means is apt to suggest itself. The best method to prevent one becoming a victim of those who think the world owes them a living even if they have to steal it, is to keep a gun within easy reach and to shoot remorselessly whenever an intruder is found in the house. The moment such a mental attitude is discovered by the burglar as existing in a city he moves elsewhere.



CANADA—You can kill the hen, but I'll take good care that the egg is hatched out.

profitable, not to those openly engaged in them, but to those who manage them. Our credulity must receive a very great strain if we are asked to believe that Mitchell was not managed, as well as being the ostensible manager, in the great strike. No matter which view we take of it, the management must be admitted to have been supremely clever, and if Mitchell was not merely the front end of some financial organization which has not yet been discovered to have been in connection with him, he will certainly be heard from later on, and may even develop into a Presidential possibility.

**AT** the last meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association the idea which has just been advocated was accentuated by the address of Rev. Mr. Tinning, a Congregationalist minister from England, who scored the Government for its treatment of the free churches. Harmony was at once disturbed and a local Anglican clergyman rose and left the meeting. Mr. Tinning said the majority of the people in England did not worship in the Established Church; the majority of the Sunday school scholars did not attend the Established Church, and the majority of those who taught in the Sunday schools did not believe in the Established Church, and consequently did not want the Established Church to run the country. It did not seem to strike everybody that by law there should be no Established Church or that the law should not interfere either in supporting or retaining any particular Church. And yet this is the very principle in dispute, and it cannot be denied that the law is sustaining and endeavoring to perpetuate, perhaps not one established church, but several of them, when it grants them exemption from taxation, and a divine institution is certainly in a very weak state which has to be maintained by secular power.

The Ministerial Association fixed its status very distinctly by declaring in favor of secret meetings. Hereafter a report will be provided and duly censored for the press. The old idea that everything clerical must stand on a different basis from all other institutions prevailed. Because it is not reported in a manner to suit the clerics it shall not be reported at all, except by the clerics. Either they are a very favored people with rights not possessed by the ordinary public, or they are taking a very poor way of showing that they are the leaders of the people.

**FATAL** trolley accidents have been quite too numerous in Toronto of late. While in a great many cases the victim has been the sole one at fault, the frequency of these fatalities suggests that good judgment is not always exercised by motormen and conductors in charge of cars moving at a rapid rate through public thoroughfares. In the case of the young man Oliver, who was killed by a Winchester car on Monday, it appears from the evidence given before the coroner's jury that the man in charge of the motor was a raw hand under the direction of a trainer. He explained that he did everything possible to avert the accident. He reversed the motor and tried to "drop" the fen-

distance signals; no clearly painted signboards giving him the pitch of the hills, or even in some cases the curvature of the line; he has to depend on his own judgment as to speed and distance; and at any time, when he is speeding his car in the effort to keep up with the company's schedule, he is liable to find the track ahead of him obstructed by a lumbering wagon or some unsuspecting or bewildered pedestrian. We venture to repeat that of the two men the motorman holds the more difficult and responsible position; and yet we find that while in the case of the steam railroad engineers are subjected to an apprenticeship of many years before they graduate to the throttle, and by that time are a highly intelligent and well-paid body of men, the average trolley car motorman, on the other hand, is rushed into his job with absurdly inadequate preparation; that his pay is barely half as much as that of the locomotive engineer, and that in point of intelligence, training, and reliability he does not compare with the men who, as a matter of fact, have the less difficult and exacting work to do."

**UNCLE ANDREW** CARNEGIE, in his address on being installed as rectifier of one of the Scottish universities, has essayed the difficult and dangerous role of prophet. It is significant that this high priest of commercialism, in speaking to a college audience, could not divest himself of the jargon of the market, nor measure national development except by success in "millionaire-making," a phrase Mr. Carnegie coined to describe the line of activity in which his adopted country, the United States, has been so conspicuously successful. That the author of "Triumph of Democracy" should discern hope for the industrial masses of Europe only in the autocratic sway of despots like the German Emperor and the Czar of Russia, must give Saint Andrew Carnegie's disciples on this side of the water a decidedly unpleasant jar. The multi-millionaire of Homestead, Pa., recognizes in Emperor William one "supremely great" and looks to him to do something big as the deliverer of a large section of humanity. It is perhaps only the natural thing for the money kings of "free" America to ally themselves in modes of speech and thought with the kings by divine right, of effete Europe. But it affords material for the scoffers when the apostle of democracy becomes the sycophant of emperors, while the statistics of the pig-iron market, together with the approved formulas of millionaire-making, are dragged by the heels into the quiet cloisters of higher culture.

**CANADIAN** politics are getting too deadly serious. We need a few statesmen who are also humorists. Our public men are giving us lots of entertainment for our money, but it is too thrilling, too melodramatic, and there are not enough laughs sandwiched in. In the days of Old John A., as his disciples still affectionately call him, things were not thus. Even in later times the political stage has had its fun-producers—actors who, if they did not exactly wear the cap and bells, could yet be depended on to say the witty thing and raise the laugh once or twice at a per-



## Social and Personal.

**T**HE engagement of Miss Josephine Monahan, eldest daughter of Mrs. J. S. Monahan, and Mr. Vaughan Philpott of the Imperial Bank, is announced.

Mrs. Monahan and Miss Monahan are in Penetang for a visit, and Mrs. Monahan's friends will be glad to know that she is slowly regaining her health after her serious and protracted illness.

On Tuesday afternoon everyone seemed to be calling on brides. A very large number of the smartest people in town went north to Crescent road, or rather to a pretty street running from it to Rosedale House gates, and called most appropriately Cluny avenue, as a part of the Macpherson estate. There, in a most complete and delightful residence, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne are settled, and they were both at home when the visitors arrived. Mrs. Osborne received in a perfect gown of palest blue, with beautiful lace guimpe, and looked most graceful and charming. Her drawing-room was most artistically arranged and decorated, and roses were much in evidence. The whole house was a succession of pictures of cheer and comfort, and such of the intimates of the host and hostess as were privileged to inspect it had a real treat. From doorsill to roof it is a delightful abode. Mrs. Barwick, in her prettiest gown, and Miss Frances, the bride's sister, in her pale pink bridesmaid's frock, were in the dining-room, where on the polished mahogany were arranged flowers, fairy lamps, and all the elegant silver cadeaux des noces that could be filled with dainties, and where the visitors lingered until the last moment, still finding new pretty things to admire. Mrs. Osborne of Clover Hill, looking very handsome in a white foulard with dark figures, and large hat; Mrs. and Miss Buchan, Mr. Ridout of Rosedale House, Mr. Melfort Boulton, Colonel Field, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Forsythe Grant, were a few of Mrs. Osborne's visitors on Tuesday. She also received on Wednesday, and will be at home on Tuesdays during the season.

The marriage of Miss Ella Robins Keighley and Mr. Edward S. Browne took place in St. Peter's Church on Wednesday at half-past two, Rev. Carey Ward officiating. The choir preceded the bride's procession to the chancel, singing "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden." The harvest decorations of the chancel were supplemented by some white flowers, and the effect was very bright and pretty.

Mrs. Elliott Sterling Dean, formerly Miss Evelyn Perrin, held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday at her home in Edgemoor road, that almost sylvan little new street running just east of St. Simon's Church to the picturesque Rosedale ravine, but not, as erroneously stated, in Rosedale. This error sent many a caller roaming about the adding drives and curves of Rosedale on Monday and Tuesday, when they should have been greeting a very accessible hostess in a perfect little nest of a home. The mistress of this very pretty menage received many compliments on her taste from her callers. Mrs. Dean wore her wedding gown of white organdie with satin folds, and a dainty guimpe. Mrs. Perrin was in deep heliotrope with white lace and a pretty bonnet. Mrs. Pellatt poured tea, and was beautifully gowned in bisque over green, with trimmings and vest of Irish lace, and knots of green ribbon velvet, and a stunning hat. With her in the dining-room, which is the cosiest "red room," were Miss May Kirkpatrick of Bedford road, Miss Helen Boyd and Miss Louise Matthews. Miss Baird, one of Mrs. Dean's bridesmaids, assisted her in the drawing-room on Monday and Tuesday.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Stuart Cameron and Miss Helen Mildred Macdougall, granddaughter of the late Hon. William Macdougall, took place in Ottawa last Saturday in All Saints' Church, Rev. A. W. Mackay, the rector, officiating. The bride was brought in by her stepfather, Mr. Arthur B. Broderick, manager of the Molsons Bank. The bridal gown was of crepe de chine, with delicate lace and chiffon trimmings; the veil of tulle, with coronet of orange blossoms, and the bouquet a shower of bride roses and ferns. The bride wore a pendant of pearls and diamonds, the gift of the groom. The maid of honor was Miss Madge McCullough, and Miss Mabel Girouard was bridesmaid. Mr. A. W. Cameron, brother of the groom, was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Llewellyn Bate, Felton Gilmour, Gladwyn Macdougall, John Cramer, R. G. Gormully and Harry Southam. After the ceremony a reception was held at Mr. Broderick's residence, whence Mr. and Mrs. Cameron started for their bridal tour across the lines. The bride went away in a very smart cloth travelling dress of green and brown zibeline and large hat.

Mrs. Charles McGill, with her daughter Madeline and young son Stanley Blair, has lately returned from a three years' residence abroad. Miss McGill, with her brother, was under the tutelage of Professor Marchand of Paris. Miss McGill was graduated with honors, after which she accompanied her mother on an extended tour which included trips through Belgium, Holland, Germany, Russia, Norway and Sweden, Athens, Egypt, Palestine, and a trip up the Nile.

A quiet house wedding was celebrated in Belleville at Sidney Cottage, the residence of Colonel Ponton, last Saturday, when Mr. Charles Arthur Sankey, brother of Mr. Villiers Sankey, and Miss Anna Josephine Ponton, sister of Colonel Ponton, were married by Rev. M. W. McLeod. The bride wore a robe of embroidered white mousseline over white silk, and a tulle veil and orange blossoms. Miss Kathleen Jones of New York was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Mary and Miss Grace Ponton of Toronto and Miss Annie Ponton of Belleville. Mr. Robert Tannehill of the Bank of Montreal, Belleville, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Sankey left on the late afternoon train for a honeymoon in the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Eaton, who have been the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Jerrold Ball, have returned to Philadelphia.

Miss Tatem, the charming little Memphis lady who has been visiting in Toronto, is returning home immediately. She will be much missed by the pleasant coterie of which she has been so admired a member.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. T. B. Taylor gave a huge tea to introduce her daughter, Miss Etta Taylor, and was assisted by her sister, Miss Davies. Mrs. Taylor's spacious home is one of the most convenient for such large affairs, and though a great many ladies responded to her invitation, there was always room in the brilliant drawing-room, hall and library. As at all these functions, the tea-room was crowded to the utmost capacity. A very smart buffet was centered by a large basket of white chrysanthemums, and all sorts of roses, palms, and garlands of smilax were lavishly used in decorating the house. The Italians played on the upper landing in a grove of palms. Mrs. Taylor, whose petite figure is always faultlessly gowned, wore a dainty pale blue gown, with touches of rich white lace. Miss Davies, her sister, wore pastel grey, brocaded with white. The debutante wore a girlish white mousseline gown, with rich silk embroideries, and carried a sheaf of pink roses. She is a very pretty girl, with a charming, unaffected manner. A few of the guests at this tea were Mrs. Dignam and Lady Tullock, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sifton and Miss Sifton, Mrs. Eddie Gooderham, Miss Gooderham of Maple Croft, Mrs. W. Warden, Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, Mrs. Ed Cox, Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. Giles Williams, Mrs. G. M. Warren, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Fletcher Snyder, Mrs. Langley, Mrs. and Miss Ivey, Mrs. B. E. Hawke, Mrs. J. Brodie, Mrs. Tatem, Mrs. and Miss Goldman, Miss O'Brien of Dromoland, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Jack Drynan, Mrs. G. B. Smith,



PIETRO MASCAGNI.

Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Kleiser, Mrs. Gordon Mills, Mrs. Fred Gooch, Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Miss Muriel Simpson, Mrs. and Miss Eastwood, Mrs. and Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Jerrold Ball, Mrs. Arnold Ivey, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. John Dixon, Mrs. Stout, Mrs. W. Hyslop, Miss Phemie Smith, Mrs. Kyle and Miss McCollum, Mrs. Price-Brown, Mrs. Charles Catto, Mrs. Myles, Miss Taylor of Florsheim, Miss Ethel Taylor, Mrs. and Miss Lennox, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Moore of Oaklawn, Mrs. Williams, jr., Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. E. E. Elliott, Miss Elliott, Mrs. E. Gooderham. There was a bevy of young beauties in charge of the tea-table, in addition to the waiters, and among them were the Misses Davies, Miss Davies of Chester Park, Miss Nellie Akers, Miss Louise Stout, Miss Bud Myles, Miss Trees.

The gymkhana which the members of the Hunt Club have "on train" for this afternoon, will, given decent weather, be a delightful affair. There is a great deal of fun in a good gymkhana, and the Hunt Club are masters in arranging a programme of sport. Tickets are to be had at Tyrrell's, and no one should miss the last fall outdoor event.

Major Peters, of the Mounted Rifle corps, was to have given a dinner to his officers and men last Saturday at Mrs. Meyers' pavilion, but owing to the fog the event was postponed.

Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald and the officers of the 48th Highlanders were at home to a party of invited guests after the presentation of prizes last evening at the Armories. The reception was arranged in the large mess-room for nine o'clock.

On Monday evening the Provost of Trinity was the host of a "Frogs" reunion, for the participants in last season's splendid production of the open-air Greek plays of the Frogs of Aristophanes. The frogs, or rather the actors in the play, came in costume. The frogs were, as the spectators will remember, vocal but invisible, reversing the dictum regarding good children, who are to be "seen, not heard." Convocation Hall was the scene of a very merry and happy gathering of Frog people and their amused friends from half-past eight to twelve o'clock.

A very enthusiastic and successful banquet was given to Colonel G. T. Denison by fellow Imperialists at the National Club on Monday evening, when the utmost resources of the club were inadequate to accommodate those who applied for seats. Mr. Tarte did his best to make the evening historic by making his last speech as a member of the Dominion Cabinet, for his resignation was in force next day. It was an amusing, light and good-natured speech. Colonel Denison was congratulated on the success of his lecture tour in England and thanked for his energy and faithfulness in presenting the views of the Imperial Federationists.

Mrs. Ahearn of Ottawa arrived yesterday morning to spend a few days with Miss Denzil at her residence, 62 St. George street. Toronto friends are glad to welcome Mrs. Ahearn.

The marriage of Miss Jessie May Reed, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reed, and Mr. Frank Wallingford Forsee of St. Louis, took place in St. Peter's Church on Thursday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, Rev. Carey Ward officiating. The church was beautifully decorated, white roses and 'mums being added to the scarlet and gold of the harvest decorations. A very brilliant assembly of friends filled the reserved seats, to which they were ushered by the three brothers of the bride, Messrs. Charles, Herbert and Stanley Reed, and Mr. Ralph Hees, a very intimate friend. Dr. Higbee of St. Louis was best man. The bride, who is one of the most dignified and beautiful girls Toronto has ever seen depart for the neighboring republic, was brought in and given away by her father. Her robe des noces was of soft white satin, beautifully made and trimmed with a deep flounce of chiffon, and some fine point lace, the gift of her mother. A tulle veil and some white carnations were on her lovely head, and she carried a huge shower bouquet of carnations, lily of the valley, and ferns. The maid of honor, Miss Elizabeth Austin, wore a canary tinted gown of mousseline de soie and lace, and carried some fine 'mums. The bridesmaids, Miss Lowell of Rochester and Miss Meredith of Toronto, wore white voile frocks, very smart, with transparent guimpes, and carried yellow 'mums. All three wore black picture hats. After the ceremony Mr. Carnahan sang most exquisitely "Beloved, 'tis Morn," a most impressive and (in Montreal) very popular bridal song. The refrain, "Pray for me, sweet, that I may faithful be to God and thee," was the exact thing in melody and expression for the occasion, and was most beautiful. A reception was held at Mr. Reed's home, which was attended by a very large party. Mr. and Mrs. Forsee received in an alcove formed by a sitting-room bay window, the dejeuner was served elegantly in the dining-room, and the presents were arranged in the drawing-room. They were very rich and lovely, but will be added to by splendid ones from friends who have sent them direct to St. Louis. Mrs. Forsee went away in a blue cloth gown, with hat of black and white faced with green, in which she was extremely beautiful. Mrs. Forsee, sr., wore black embroidered chiffon and hat of the same, with a huge bouquet of violets. Mrs. Reed wore dove grey silk canvas, with ruff and muff of chiffon, and Paris hat of pink with wide lace folded over the brim. The house was beautifully decorated with white 'mums.

On Wednesday, October 22, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Montreal, Captain Duncan S. MacInnes, D.S.O., Royal Engineers, son of the late Senator MacInnes

of Hamilton, was married to Miss Millicent Wolferstan Thomas, youngest daughter of the late Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, formerly general manager of the Molsons Bank of Canada, Rev. Edmund Wood officiating, assisted by Rev. Arthur French. The bride was brought in and given away by her brother, Dr. Harold Thomas. The bridesmaids were Miss Millie Monk, Miss Eleanor Ewan of Montreal, and Miss Hamilton of Philadelphia. The best man was Captain Stephen Heward of Toronto, and the usher Mr. Willie Kirkpatrick, son of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to the residence of the bride's mother, where a reception was held. Captain and Mrs. MacInnes left for Quebec for a brief honeymoon before sailing to-day for England en route to South Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Robinson, the Misses Boulton and Mr. Charles MacInnes went down from Toronto to attend the marriage.

On Wednesday at Surrey Lodge, Toronto, was celebrated the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Jaffray, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jaffray, and Mr. Wellington Ault Cameron of Osgoode Hall, youngest son of the late Rev. James Cameron of Montreal. Rev. Alfred Gandier, B.D., officiated.

Mrs. Louis H. Bacque and Miss Nannie Bacque have returned from King's Park, Lake Rosseau, and are the guests of Mrs. Leigh T. Pemberton, Howland avenue.

Mrs. Gordon Osler gave a luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Henry C. Osborne. The guests were Mrs. Charles MacInnes, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. Willie Ramsay, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mrs. Plunkett Magann, Miss Packard of Washington, D.C. Green ribbons and white tulle, with white chrysanthemums, decorated the table.

Mrs. Francis Richardson has been quite ill for some weeks with bronchitis, but is now convalescing.

Mr. Stewart of Calgary is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stewart. He has gone to Montreal this week.

Mr. George Bruenech has gone on a long tour to South America from England (after a summer spent in Newfoundland), as the guest of a wealthy friend, and will be absent a year or so.

Mrs. A. Creelman is returning to Canada this week. Mr. Creelman has taken a house in Redpath street, Montreal. Miss Jennings has leased her house in St. Vincent street to Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt of Welland, and is going south for a time.

Mrs. Charles Boeckh of St. George street will not receive again this year.

Mrs. William McKeough and Miss McKeough of Chatham are visiting Dr. Griffin in Madison avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Stephenson of Chatham are also spending the week in Toronto.

The Misses McLeod of Crescent road are returning from lengthy visits to friends this week. Dr. James McLeod, who has just finished his year's residence at King's College Hospital, London, sails for Canada on the first of next month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hart spent a short time with Mrs. Cartwright (nee Hart) and Mrs. Hart, sr., on their way to Chicago.

Mrs. Graham of Buffalo is at the Arlington. She intends remaining in Toronto some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler are spending some time at Craigleigh, as their new house in Rosedale is not yet completed.

Mrs. Thomas Logan received for the first time since her marriage at her residence, 441 Broadview avenue, on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, October 22nd, and will receive for the remainder of the season on the second and fourth Wednesdays.

The West End Euchre Club held their first meeting of the series at the residence of Miss Blacklock, Dovercourt road. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The prize winners were Mrs. Arthur R. Denison and Mr. G. Evers Towers.

A delightful course of lectures has been inaugurated by the Woman's Art Association for this season. This afternoon at three o'clock Herr Carl Lehmann, B.A., of the Jarvis Street Collegiate, lectures on "How a Photograph is Made."

Next Tuesday evening the Kappa Alpha Society are giving a dance at the Chapter House at half-past eight. A good many are anticipating a glorious time, and I don't doubt their hopes will be fully realized.

Mrs. Reynolds, who is with Miss Ruby Reynolds at the Queen's this winter, has sent out cards for a tea at McConkey's on Wednesday, November 5th, Guy Fawkes' Day, from half-past four to seven.

Mrs. W. T. Murray is giving an At Home next Thursday at her new residence, 166 Crescent road, Rosedale, I fancy in honor of her new daughter-in-law, Mrs. Parkyn Murray of the St. George.

Mr. and Mrs. James Price and Miss Tyner have taken apartments for the winter at 484 Spadina avenue, where Mrs. Price and Miss Tyner will receive on the first Tuesday of each month.

The Alumnae Association of the Toronto General Hospital Training School for Nurses will hold their third annual luncheon at McConkey's on Friday next at 1.45 p.m.

Mrs. Walter H. Thomas (nee Good) will receive with Mrs. M. A. Thomas on Tuesday next at 130 Carlton street for the first time since her marriage.

The engagement of Miss Emily Bowie of Brockville to Mr. W. B. Scott of Quebec, accountant of the Merchants' Bank of Quebec, is announced.

Mrs. F. J. Sharpe and Mrs. E. E. Sharpe, nee Welton of Winnipeg, will be at home on Fridays, 24th and 31st October, at 455 Huron street.

Mrs. J. Lowe Brodie is giving an afternoon reception next Friday from 4.30 to 7 o'clock, at her home, 469 Sherbourne street.

After the recital at the College Hall, 18 Dundas street west, next Tuesday, a reception will be given for Mrs. Scott-Raff.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma E. Connor of Brockville to Mr. Sydney E. Hesson of Toronto.

Mrs. McLeod's musical next Wednesday is a mid-week pleasure many are anticipating.

**Sportsman's Supplies**

**GUNS  
RIFLES  
FLASKS**

**AMMUNITION** OF ALL KINDS

**RICE LEWIS & SON** LIMITED  
TORONTO

**Wm. Stitt & Co.**

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

Plaid and Fancy  
Tailor Gowns.

Street, After-  
noon and Even-  
ing Dresses.

Millinery

English, French,  
and American  
Pattern Hats and  
Bonnets.

Gloves

One-clasp Derby  
Walking Gloves,  
with Saddle  
Stitchings (the  
latest). Under-  
used Kid Gloves.

Corsets

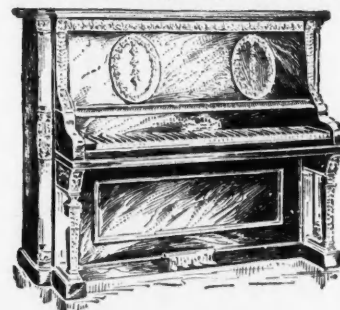
The La Grecque  
and Lattice Rib-  
bon.

**Paris Kid Glove Store**

11-13 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO

Telephone  
Main 888.

THERE is a special charm about the touch produced  
by the Illimitable Repeating Action as used in the



**Bell Art Piano**

The touch and the repeating qualities of a Grand Piano,  
so long desired in the Upright, are now within the reach  
of all who buy a "BELL." Other high-grade productions  
receiving marked attention are:

THE BELLLOIAN Pneumatic Organ;  
BELLLOIAN Piano-Player and BELL ORGANS.

SEE AND HEAR THEM AT

**Bell Warerooms, 146 Yonge St., Toronto**  
Factories, Guelph, Ont.

**GOWANS KENT & CO**

**WHITE CHINA.**

Quite a large shipment of  
White China just received, in-  
cluding the—  
Large Jardinières,  
Plaques,  
Tea-Trays,  
Vases, etc.

**14-16 FRONT ST. E.**

**McKENDRY & CO.**

MILLINERY SPECIALISTS

**Exquisite  
Conceptions**



This store's record in the Mil-  
linery business needs not to be re-  
peated. That we take front rank  
is generally conceded. Never has  
there been such a splendid collec-  
tion of Fall Hats as is here now  
with not a shadow of too much  
price in the entire stock. We in-  
vite lovers of the artistic to visit  
the show-rooms.

226 and 228 YONGE STREET.

**...The Proud  
Chrysanthemum**

was never finer. All colors, all sizes, all prices.  
May be shipped any distance and good condi-  
tion on arrival guaranteed.

**ROSES, ORCHIDS, VIOLETS**  
Send for descriptive price-list.

**Dunlop's**

5 KING ST. WEST (Toronto) 445 YONGE ST.





## Suits. Cloaks.

Rain and Dust Coats.  
Wraps and Shawls.

## Capes. Jackets.

Skirts. Coats. Blouses.

House Wraps.

## Millinery.

## Suitings. Gownings.

Black and Colored Silks.

## Lace Gowns.

**JOHN CATTO & SON**

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.  
TORONTO.

## WE LOOK After Your Eyes

In addition to twenty five years' practical experience, you have the benefit of best skill and instruments known to science. Glasses carefully adjusted to suit each eye.

—Eyes Examined.  
—Correct Glasses Furnished.

**E. CULVERHOUSE**

Consulting Optician

74 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

10 years with Ryrie Bros.

## CHAMPAGNES

All the Leading Brands.  
CLARETS, BURGUNDIES, PORTS, SHERRIES  
ETC., ETC.

**GEO. W. COOLEY**  
TELEPHONE NORTH 89  
567 Yonge Street

## Chapped Hands, Rough Skin, Cracked Lips

Our MELODERMA will be found the most efficacious remedy for rough skin, chapped hands, smarting from shaving, etc., ever placed on the market.

It is entirely antiseptic and very healing, and leaves that pleasant, soft feeling that a purely healthy skin should possess.

25c., 50c., \$1.00  
Per Bottle.

**THE HOOPER CO.**

LIMITED  
43 and 45 KING ST. WEST  
467 BLOOR ST. WEST

**A TIMELY SUGGESTION**

TRY THE DECANter AT

**THOMAS**

SCOTCH

## WEBB'S Vienna Bread

Pleasant & Particular People

**The HARRY WEBB Co.**

LIMITED

447 YONGE STREET

Telephone—North 1886 and 1887

### Social and Personal.

**M**RS. MACKENZIE (nee Vickers), who is spending a short visit with her mother before leaving for her new home in Rat Portage, held a post-nuptial reception at Mrs. Vickers' residence, in Adelaide street, on Tuesday. Mrs. Mackenzie has a great many friends in her native city, who, while they will miss her greatly, are sending all sorts of good wishes to her in her new life. A picture of a happy little bride was, as she accepted the loving greeting of her friends, wearing her soft, rich bridal gown of white satin, with flounces of exquisite Limerick lace, and several sparkling gems, bridal gifts of much value. Miss Vickers, in a quaint gown of Swiss embroidery in blue and white, looked after the tea-table, assisted by Miss Jeanie Wallbridge, in her bridesmaid's gown of white silk lace and pearls, and a couple of bright nieces of the bride, the Misses Leacock, one of whom is just entered as a student at Varsity. The drawing-room and cosy tea-table, which was set at the north end of the large, old-fashioned room, were bright with roses and autumn flowers, and white tulle and ribbons gave the daintily-laden buffet the appropriate bridal touch. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie are leaving at once for Rat Portage, where the bridegroom has a good practice as a barrister, and where the happy life of another Toronto girl will doubtless be duplicated in the case of the charming little bride whom her friends greeted on Tuesday.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Britton are settled at 80 Spadina road, and Mrs. Britton is at home on Fridays. I believe Mrs. Britton received for the first time since her arrival in Toronto yesterday afternoon.

At the Princess on Tuesday evening were Mr. and Mrs. Miss Laidlaw and Lady Housenough Tullock, who occupied an east loge, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cox being vis-a-vis; Mrs. Buchanan, Major Forster, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. Seeley Brush, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake of Jarvis street, Mrs. Duncan of Brantford, Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Moss, Mr. Jack Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. McMichael.

There was a very smart attendance at the meeting in Association Hall on Tuesday evening to hear Mr. H. F. Wyatt, envoy of the British Navy League to Canada. The Government House party were present, and that powerful and popular organization, the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, turned out in great numbers. His Worship the Mayor, Colonel Otter, D.O.C., Colonel Grasset and Mr. Ridout of Rosedale House, Commander Law, Colonel Davidson, Colonel Bruce, Mr. Nicol Kingsmill, Mr. Herbert Mowat, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. VanKoughnet, Mr. Elmsley, Major Merritt, Mr. Willie Gwynn, were some of the prominent representative men present, and the ladies included the officers of the League of the Daughters of the Empire and many others. Miss Macdonald of Winnipeg, granddaughter of Sir John Macdonald, was one of those who enjoyed Mr. Wyatt's address.

The marriage of Mr. R. J. McDonald Parke and Miss Marion L. C. Dickson, youngest daughter of the late George Dickson, Q.C., of Belleville, took place from the residence of the bride's mother, 16 Howland avenue, on Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed in St.

Alban's Cathedral, Rev. Canon MacNabb officiating. The church was decorated with white mums. The bride wore her traveling dress of navy broadcloth, with white cloth applique and touches of gold, and a quiet hat to match. Miss Sara Dickson, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. Mr. E. A. Wallberg of Montreal was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Parke went to the States for their honeymoon.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Burritt, Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Scott, Misses G. Elmsley, Helena Thompson, Howard Cox, Elwood and Myles went up to Hamilton on Monday for a match with the ladies of the Hamilton Golf Club. The visitors lunched with the home club, and Mrs. Braithwaite entertained them at afternoon tea. They were the victors in the match, and much enjoyed their trip and visit.

Matrimonial surprises are still in order. Their friends had scarcely taken in the news of the marriage of Miss Croil and Mr. Jim Foy than others were equally surprised at the announcement of the wedding of Miss Amy Lee, sister of Mrs. George Gooch, and Mr. Warwick Maddison, son of the late Charles Maddison. And all the young set are now looking apprehensively at best girls and best boys, wondering whom the epidemic will attack next.

Mrs. Schoenberger and Miss Tate are en route from England for their home in Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Clark of St. Catharines have returned home. Mrs. Arthur Rogers of Winnipeg is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson returned from New York last week, bringing with her her mother, Mrs. Ravenshaw of London, who has come out to spend the winter with Mrs. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. James Plummer, Mrs. Robert Smith of Stratford and her sister, Miss Lizars, sail for England by the "Celtic," on November 3. Mrs. Cattaneach will occupy Mr. Plummer's residence in Wellesley street during the absence of the owner in England, which will be of a year or more in duration.

I hear that a Toronto barrister of great mental brilliancy is on the way to making a fortune in New York, and hope soon to chronicle the fact that the enterprise in which he is interested is successfully in running order.

Several times a week glimpses of the "pink" tell us that the Toronto Hunt is out. On Saturday last the Master was their host at Chudleigh, and on Tuesday Stanley Barracks was the scene of the rendezvous for luncheon.

It is not well to call too early on the brides. I met a disturbed coterie who were out catching worms, and heard that they'd begun with a bride, only to be informed that she was not yet returned from a luncheon party. She was a wise bride too to fortify herself for two hours' receiving, which is no trifle, and early birds are hereby presented with a tip gratis.

Owing to the crowded state of the Queen's during the golf tournament, Captain and Mrs. Wyatt were not able to secure the apartments they wished for, but are now cosily settled, and Mrs. Wyatt was at home to many callers on Thursday afternoon, who welcomed her back to a circle in which she was always a bright particular star.

### The Modern Mother

Has Ways of Caring For Baby That Our Grandmothers Never Knew.

Many almost sacred traditions of the nursery have been cast aside by the up-to-date mother. Even the once essential cradle is now seldom found in the house blessed by baby's presence. The modern baby is not fed every time he cries, but when the clock announces the proper time. The doctor approves of this, and baby is better for it; but, despite regular hours for feeding, nearly all the disorders of infants are caused by derangements of the stomach and bowels. Mothers' greatest problem is a treatment for these ills that will be gentle but effective, and, above all, safe. Mrs. J. W. Bailey of Head Lake, Ont., writes from the fullness of experience when she says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my six months old baby, who was troubled with indigestion. The results were beyond my expectations. Words cannot convey to those who have not tried them the worth of these Tablets. I will never again use any other preparation for the baby, as I am convinced there is nothing so good as Baby's Own Tablets."

These Tablets are a gentle laxative and comforting medicine for infants and children. They are pleasant to take and are guaranteed to contain no opiate. If your druggist does not keep Baby's Own Tablets, send 25c to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., and a full-sized box will be mailed, postpaid, to your address.

## Faultless Diamonds

Coming directly from the hands of the "cutters" to our store, Diamonds purchased of us are had at the best possible price advantages.



The Ring illustrated here is mounted with three absolutely perfect and beautifully matched "Ryrie" Diamonds. Our price for it is \$150.00, delivered to any address. (Order No. 550.)



Of the same faultless quality as the Ring shown above. This one, with stones of considerably larger size, sells for \$225.00. (Order No. 551.)

We personally guarantee the quality, and cheerfully refund the price paid if on its receipt any Diamond purchased of us is not perfect & satisfactory.

**Ryrie Bros.**

JEWELERS

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

## A. E. AMES & CO.

BANKERS

18 King St. East, Toronto

## Savings Accounts

Opened with deposits of five dollars and upwards and interest allowed at

Four Per Cent.

A small Prospectus of our Savings Department will be forwarded to any address on application.

## ROWLEY'S

## Art Exhibition

Readers of *Saturday Night* are invited to the Third Annual Exhibition to be held at the Studio From Oct. 27 to Nov. 1. The photographic studies this year are from Quebec, the Land of Evangeline and the Coast of Cape Breton. Come and bring your friends. The exhibition is free and open every afternoon and evening. You can secure a catalogue by sending your address to the Studio. Main 3738 connects you with our telephone.

**435 Spadina**

## Violets, Valley, 'Mums and Roses

In abundance at

**Lidy The Florist**

75 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

We guarantee shipment of all Express Orders.

Visiting Cards

At Home Cards

Luncheon Invitations

Dinner Invitations

Guest Cards

Menu Cards

Dance Programmes

ETC., ETC., ETC.

**The Bain Book & Stationery Co.**  
96 Yonge Street, Toronto.

## Connemara Jewellery...

As the name indicates, is set with stones found in the Emerald Isle. It has a place all to itself, and its very distinctiveness is a commendation. Our collection of Jewellery contains many odd pieces that cannot be duplicated in the city. We shall be glad to have admirers of uncommon unique designs inspect our stock.

**Wanless & Co.**

Established 1840.

168 YONGE STREET

TORONTO



## Treatments For the Hair

Scalp, Face, Neck, Hands and Figure.

IS your hair falling, itching, greasy, oily or greasy, lifeless? Is your scalp dandruff? Our treatments are what you require.

DON'T you want those lines and wrinkles removed; that dry, faded complexion restored; your skin cleared of zema, pimples, blackheads and discolorations? Our treatments will do it.

ARE you aware that no one in Toronto can equal our treatments? Our treatments will do wonders for you.

ARE your hands nice? If red and rough with hangnails and bad, unshapely nails, call and see our expert manicurist.

DO your feet bother you? No one can relieve you as quickly as our Chiropodist.

WE have treatments for Superfluous Hair, Moles, Birthmarks, Pockmarks, or any mark or blemish on the face or under the skin or scalp. Send stamp for our handsome books.

**Graham Dermatological Institute**

502 CHURCH STREET

Dept. H. Tel.—N. 1086. E-tel. 1892

## Clear Complexions

That "totally different" Cereal Food, "Wheat Marrow" makes rich, red blood, and clear complexions follow naturally. Nothing can take its place because nothing is just like it. It is a new and original preparation from the glutinous portion of the choicest Winter Wheat.

Rich, delicate, appetizing. It will clear your complexion!

BEST GROCERS SELL IT.

**Wheat Marrow**

Figure should be considered first, for thereupon depends the success or failure of a woman's tailor.

## Crompton's "343"

is a low priced corset yet an extremely smart model—a Parisian design which gives undeniable satisfaction—long hip—low bust—colors white and dove.

Ask to see Crompton's New Styles at all Leading Merchants.



## "It is a Fownes"

That is all you require to know about a Glove.

They are made for women and men.

Demand them from your dealer.

## OSTEOPATHY VANITY

**DILLABOUGH & HENDERSON**

Osteopathic Physicians

45 Canada Life Building, King Street West

We cure without resorting to drugs or the knife. Consultation and examination free. Literature on application.

Residence—85 Spencer Ave. Phone—M 3642

London Branch—168 Kent Street.

## PRESCRIPTIONS

**ANDREW JEFFREY**

Cor. Carlton and Yonge Streets

Toronto

## The Skirt Specialty Co.

Makers and designers of high-class

Tailor-Made

SKIRTS

—Artistic workmanship.

—Perfect in style and cut.

—New and original design.

SHOWROOMS NOW OPEN

64 King St. W.

Ladies and Gentlemen have you consulted

**Madam Lytell,**

335 JARVIS ST.

In reference to the condition of your hair and scalp? If not, why not? Perfect work in Face and Body Massage. Waxing, Threading and Chiropody.

These are all essential to health and beauty. Vapor baths. Removal of superfluous hair a specialty. Consultation free. Students instructed. Phone M-1n 3439.

Very Light in Weight.

Pompadours, Side-Parting and other effects. Switches Wavy and Straight, in all lengths and shades. Our Hair-Dressing Parlors are the largest in America. Telephone—Main 1351.

**The DORENWEND CO. OF TORONTO**

LIMITED

103-105 Yonge Street, Toronto

## Stationery Department

Ladies' Work Depository

47 KING STREET WEST

Lowest prices for Card Plates, Crests, Monograms and Address Dies.

Special attention given to Embossing and Printing Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations, etc., from plate or type.

**MISS E. PORTER**

## Old Houses

look like new when they have passed through our hands. A thorough knowledge born of long experience, a staff of skilled workmen, and a most carefully selected stock, combine to insure results which are only seen in our work. It may cost a little more, but it lasts a long time and is always pleasant to look at.

**The ELLIOTT & SON CO., Limited**

INTERIOR DECORATORS

79 KING STREET WEST

## MANICURING and CHIROPODY

Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails treated by an expert.

**L. A. STACKHOUSE, 124 King Street West.**

Toronto. Opposite Roma House. Phone—1899





Synopsis of Installments I. to VI.—In a country inn, under sensational circumstances, of a man and woman. The former, Astley, is ill with a gunshot wound; his companion is rendered unconscious by the water from which he has rescued her, and seems to keep her identity hidden. They part, to meet again in an Oxford drawing-room, where Astley discovers that the lady of the adventure, Norma Bascot, is beautiful—her husband, and said to be engaged to her cousin. Time goes on. One afternoon Norma starts Astley by asking: "Would you marry a girl, not really, but at a registry office, to set her free?" Strange as the proposition is, it results in an affirmative answer. Norma's relatives are so incensed against her that she goes to her husband's hotel, meeting a strange woman in the hall. Astley tells his wife that he had been married before, and that divorce proceedings had only been stayed owing to Lottie's sudden death. He promises to call on her Bascots, and on his failing to do so, Norma returns to the hotel to find that she has gone! A letter reassures her, however. It states that Sir Hugh Darwin, Astley's bachelor cousin, has had a serious accident. A telegram follows to say he is dead. Norma is now greeted as Lady Darwin, and feels what a terrible mistake she has made in binding Astley's life to hers. She goes with her husband to Darwin, where she has an interview with Dr. Wharles, Sir Astley's brother-in-law, which is full of awful premonition, and a few days afterwards a note arrives from the Doctor saying that his sister-in-law Lottie, who had married Astley, is alive and insists upon seeing her husband.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

After a time, to Norma's great distress, Astley began to grow restless again, and to wander a little in his mind, not for long together, but enough to alarm her, when she had thought the height of the fever past. His thoughts had been sent back to the old days of his married life with Lottie, and it cut Norma to the heart to hear him remonstrating with her for her frivolity and heartlessness, and reproaching her with not caring for him. "Why did you marry me, if you didn't care? Why did you? Why did you? You were pretty enough to have married anybody. Haven't you any heart, Lottie? Don't you really care?" Then for a space he would lie quietly and seem to sleep. Then once again his eyes would open, and the incoherent muttering begin afresh. It was a relief to her when his thoughts went forward a little, and she heard her own name again on his lips. "Norma, Norma, my little wild girl with the big eyes! I'll make you love me—it will be easy enough—though you don't know it. No, you don't know it! You shall love me, and console me for what the other one did; and you shall be happy yourself, yes, I promise you that, Norma! Little wild bird, little wicked Norma, Norma! Norma! Norma! Hark, what's that? Who's that?" To Norma's great distress his tone had suddenly changed, and he had sprung up in bed. She rose to her feet, soothing him, begging him to lie quietly. He said no heed to her words, but remained in a listening attitude, staring at the big screen which, by Dr. Wharles's orders, had been put round the door to keep out some of the draughts for which the old house was famous. "Who's that? Who's that? I say! Come in, come in, can't you?" he repeated in a loud, harsh voice, with his eyes staring vacantly. In vain Norma tried to calm him. "There's no one there, no one," urged she. Yet still, in a louder voice than before, he shouted: "Come in, come in, I say!" "Hush, hush, do lie down, you must lie down," cried Norma imperiously. "Listen," she said, distinctly in his ear, as she wrestled with him, and tried to get him to lie back upon his pillow. "I'll go and see that there is no one there, if you'll only lie down, if you'll only be still, and quiet and calm."

As she repeated these words emphatically in his ear, the sick man seemed to take in part at least of the sense of her words, and as she made a movement as if to go to the door, he at last allowed her to settle him again among his pillows, as she kept on repeating: "You shall see; I'll show you there's nobody there."

With her eyes upon the bed, and full of the idea of satisfying his feverish fancy, she walked to the screen and looked round it.

She did not cry out; she did not faint, or fall, or stagger; but the sight which met her eyes froze her blood and sent a deadly sickness to her heart.

There, behind the screen, in the very sick-room, trembling, shamed, silent but doggedly, sullenly asserting her earthly presence, her reality, was the woman whom Norma had seen in the hotel office at Oxford, the woman who had followed Astley and herself through the streets.

CHAPTER XI.

Suddenly had Norma's startled eyes rested a moment upon the woman behind the screen, when Astley called to her. "Norma, Norma! come here, I want you!"

As she hesitated, not knowing what to do, divided between her fear that he would guess something, and her even stronger fear that the dreaded visitor would force her way in, Norma was recalled to decision and to action by a sudden movement forward on the part of the woman.

The door by which she had entered was still open behind her. Norma, with unexpected strength and dexterity, threw herself upon the intruder, and forced her back into the wide corridor outside. At the same time, she had the presence of mind to call out, in a ringing, cheerful voice, to Astley: "Wait one moment! I'll be back in a moment!"

It was a risk to leave him; but it must be done. Shutting the door quickly behind her, Norma faced the intruder, who was dressed very quietly in dark clothes, and whose face was shrouded in

The visitor looked down. "Didn't you ever care for him?" pursued Norma, aghast. "Not as much as you do," answered the other frankly. "We were all poor, you know, and had to marry. Fanny, who married Dr. Wharles, was the only one of us who made a love match. Emmeline married, as I did, because she had to."

"Emmeline—that's Mrs. Finch?" "Yes."

"Astley says she is a nice woman, a good woman."

The visitor moved petulantly. "She's no better than I am," she retorted sullenly. Then after a moment's silence she added in an aggrieved tone: "It's easy to be perfectly good when you have no cares, when you've always got plenty of money and everything you want. This deceit that I've practised upon him is the only thing I've ever had to reproach myself with, whatever anybody may say."

And she looked defiantly into Norma's face in the candlelight.

Norma believed her. There was rather an attractive appearance of sincerity about her visitor, which impressed her in spite of herself. The very fact that she did not make any hypocritical pretense of devotion to Astley seemed to Norma to be in her favor.

A pang of jealousy shot through her heart. This woman had been Astley's choice; he had loved her passionately; the rumors of her misconduct had caused him the most cruel tortures. If—nay—when Lottie should prove that these stories were untrue, would she not easily, with her pretty face, lisping, sweet voice, and unaffected manners, be able to regain the place which she had for the time lost in his affections?

The hot tears sprang to Norma's eyes. "Well," she said at last, hoarsely, "if what you say is true, if you have been unjust, as you say, so much the better for you when you are able to see Sir Astley and explain yourself to him. Perhaps he will forgive you for your cruel deception."

Lottie looked at her uneasily. "And—what about you?" she said in a low voice.

Norma bit her lip. "It's rather late for you to ask that," she said bitterly. "If you had given a moment's consideration to anybody but yourself before you played this trick on Sir Astley, you might have known that he is, would want to love and marry someone else some day."

The other woman began to walk restlessly up and down the long room. "Well, well," she said at last, hurriedly, turning to Norma and speaking with great earnestness, "there's no harm done yet, is there? Nobody has seen me here, nobody who knows me. And Astley doesn't know that I'm here. Why tell him? Why tell anybody? I tell you I only want help, a little help for my ill. My sorry I came now, very sorry; but remember, I didn't come until my brother-in-law told me you knew or guessed that I was alive. Remember that! Perhaps I never should have come but for that."

Norma sat down, trembling. "But," she said, in a hoarse whisper, "your coming or not coming would make no difference to the fact that you're his wife, and I'm not."

Lottie started.

"Oh, don't put it like that," she said. "Even I shouldn't put it like that. You married him thinking he was free, and he thought the same. So, if nobody knows about my being alive—"

"But he will know, he must know," said Norma quickly. "Don't you see yourself that Dr. Wharles and his wife are dying to make the thing known?"

Lottie looked uneasy.

"Not by my wish," she said quickly. "They do too much; I wish they wouldn't. Look here: I see you are fond of Astley, and no doubt he's fond of you. I don't want to come between you. I'm not ill-natured really. I've forfeited all right to his affection by my wicked deceit, as you said. Let me go away; help me a little if you can: I'm poor, and you're rich; you can spare something, and you would, I know. Then I'll go quietly away, and I won't ever trouble you again. There!"

She spoke earnestly, simply, sincerely. Norma was touched.

"You shall have all the money I can give," she said at once. "But as for hushing up the fact of your existence, it's absurd, you know. The people in your neighborhood must know all about it, and Dr. Wharles and his wife are only too anxious to spread the news about."

Lottie moved away impatiently. "No, no," went on Norma with excitement, "we can't go on. It is I who must go away; I'll tell you the truth: our married life has not begun; you have no need to be jealous; you are Lady Darwin, and I am Norma Bascot."

Lottie recoiled back, confounded.

"You'll—you'll give him up!" cried she, in amazement.

"I must. We can't begin life on a lie. The moment he is well enough to hear the truth, I shall simply tell him, and go away, and—"

"But I—I—he'll never forgive me!" stammered Lottie. "You'll just spoil your own life without doing any good to me!"

"I can't help that," said Norma, who was wise enough to know how mad it would be to expect this erratic woman to keep any secret for long. "You and he will settle your affairs between you. Of course I shall be grateful to you if you will go away as you have come, and say nothing to anyone till I have left this house. After that, you must do what Sir Astley chooses. In the meantime," she went on, while Lottie paced up and down, wringing her hands in evident distress, "I'll give you some money which will keep you comfortably until you can arrange with Sir Astley. Will you have a check?"

Lottie was crying.

"Oh, you are good, you are generous," she sobbed. "I wish—oh, I wish I had never come. And I—I wouldn't take money from you if only I were not so hard up. Look here!" She put out a little foot, and showed a broken boot. Norma, who had already noticed the pathetic shabbiness of her dress, drew her breath sharply through her teeth, and ran to her writing-table, where she unlocked her little desk.

"Shall I write it out to you?" she asked. "I'm going to give you a check for a hundred pounds."

Lottie sobbed aloud.

When she had muttered some shame-faced thanks, she said: "Don't give me a check. I don't want to use your name."

"But I have only a few pounds here,

Shall I make it out to your sister, or your mother, or—"

"No, no, I should never get the money. I—I mean," said Lottie, hastily checking herself, "I'd rather have the money instead of a check."

"What shall I do then? I can write up to my bank to-night, but I can't get the notes till the day after to-morrow. I don't know these people yet, or I would get it cashed here," said Norma, who was rather shy and ignorant about money matters, and afraid to excite remark in the neighborhood.

"I'll wait, I'd rather wait till you get it."

"And I'll send it to Leamington?" said Norma.

"No. I'll meet you in the orchard, the day after to-morrow, at dusk, just after tea. In the meantime, I'll keep close at home, and nobody shall see me," said Lottie, with shame and tremulous gratitude shining in her eyes.

Norma rose from her chair. She was getting anxious to go back to Astley; but the visitor lingered. There were tears in her eyes; she began to speak several times, stopped short, grew hysterical, alarming. Norma began to get afraid that she was going to be seized with a nervous fit of some kind, when suddenly there came a light tap at the door, and Martin's voice asked if her ladyship would go to Sir Astley. He was calling for her.

"All right, Martin, go back and tell him I'm coming," said Norma.

The moment they heard the door of the sick-room close upon the housemaid, Lottie, with a brief good-by, dashed past Norma, fled downstairs like a hare, and ran down one of the long dark corridors which led to a door into the grounds.

Trembling and agitated, Norma went back to Astley, who had been dozing, but was now awake and conscious. She had some difficulty in quieting his curiosity as to her long absence, and he was evidently displeased with her for it.

However, she flattered herself that she succeeded pretty well with him, until the following morning, when Dr. Wharles came. Then, after answering the doctor's questions with marked coldness, Astley caught the exchange of a significant look between Norma and him, and thereupon promptly called her back as she was following Dr. Wharles out of the room.

"I must go and hear what he says about you, dear," cooed Norma, bending over him coaxingly.

"You will not. I forbid you. Sit down."

Tremblingly Norma obeyed. And Dr. Wharles had to go away without a word to her.

Ten minutes passed, during which Norma sat silent and submissive by the bedside. Then Astley spoke.

"Norma, kiss me."

Did he suspect anything? There was a world of anguish in her eyes as they met his, and a sob escaped her lips as she pressed them to his forehead.

But he made no remark; it cut her to the heart, though, to see the uneasy glances which he threw at her in the course of that day and the next.

On this second day he was allowed to get up, and it was while he was sitting by the fire in his room, late in the afternoon, that Norma, making the excuse of a letter to write, slipped out of the room, ran to her own apartment, and taking the twenty-five pound notes which she had received by post from her London bank that morning, ran downstairs very quickly, and into the same long dark corridor by which Lottie had entered and quitted the house two evenings previously.

Norma had in the meantime found out that this corridor, which was the most unfrequented part of the big house, led to a little side-door into the garden, which was always unlocked.

It was dusk, and there was a thick mist over the grass. Nobody was likely to see her, and Norma, who had not been out of the house before since her arrival, had no difficulty in making her way to the orchard without fear of spying eyes. The lights glowed in the windows of the servants' quarters, but the upper part of the house looked dark and gloomy. Norma sped over the grass, dashed through the shrubbery, and into the sparsely filled orchard, where the whitened tree stems looked ghostly in the gloom.

Lottie was waiting, shy, timid, grateful, hysterical again. Norma gave her the packet of notes, waited for no thanks, and turned to flee back into the house.

She had scarcely got into the shrubbery, however, when she heard a man's hurried footsteps, and almost shrieked with terror when she found herself in the grasp of Astley, who, trembling, staggering, seized her arm and glared into her face.

"What are you doing out here?" said he hoarsely.

(To be continued.)

For Giants.

There is an old story of a sailor who, seeing for the first time a bass viol, expressed a strong desire to behold "the fellow who could put that fiddle under his arm."

No Drugs.

Just Proper Food and Rest.

The regular use of drugs to relieve pain is on the wrong track. Find the cause and remedy it by proper food and quit drugs for temporary relief or you will never get well.

A master's wife writes: "Three years ago, while living at Rochester, N.Y., where my husband was pastor of one of the city churches, I was greatly reduced from nervous prostration and anaemia, and was compelled to go to a well-known Eastern sanitarium for my health. My stomach was in bad shape from badly selected food; I was an habitual user of Carbonate of Magnesia, and my physicians made every endeavor to break up this most damaging habit, but all to no purpose."

"At the sanitarium I was given Grape-Nuts, and learned the value of the food. I used it continuously, eating it at nearly every meal, and my recovery was rapid. Its use enabled me to eat and digest food and to give up the drug habit, and I am now completely restored to good health."

"At the present time I am able to attend to my household and family duties, pursue music which was formerly my profession, besides reading and studying, all of which I was totally unable to do at the time referred to." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

You can't get better—you can't get as good as

# LUDELLA

Ceylon Tea. Absolutely the finest produced.

his chin." The recent discovery in Madagascar of an egg sixteen inches long and thirty pounds in weight led to a similar anxiety on the part of the discoverers to find the bird which was capable of laying it. The monster egg was acquired by a German scientist, who recognized it as the egg of the aepyornis, a bird of the astounding height of sixteen feet, and supposed to be extinct. That there may be specimens still living was judged by the fact that the egg was fairly fresh. Indeed, some of the scientific enthusiasts on the island actually held a banquet at which a portion of the egg was served up in the form of an omelette! (The whole egg, by the way, would have made ninety-five omelettes of ordinary size.)

As a result of the discovery a German scientific expedition has been fitted out to explore the interior of Madagascar in search of a living aepyornis. If it is found and captured there will be an exciting time, not only for the hunters, but for naturalists throughout the world. It is the largest bird that ever existed.

One to Tompkins.



Stout Gent—That's the worst of you, Tompkins, you will put on such a lot of side!

Tompkins—Well, I'd rather put on side, old chap, than such a dooce of a lot of front!—"Punch."

The Geisha of Japan.

"G EISHA," the professional girl entertainer of Japan, is by no means to be confounded with "Geimin." The word Geisha really means actor, "gei" meaning a play or entertainment of any sort, and "sha" means a person. The word really means what "actor" does in English, but it has come to mean only those girls in Japan who are trained to entertain by dancing and singing to the shamisen and koto, the usual musical instruments for light entertainments, and they are also trained to converse agreeably on topics of the day. "Geimin," on the other hand, while it really means the same thing as Geisha, has now come to be applied to artists, in a higher sense.

The name thus given to a class of women, though it seems a perfectly respectable one, does, in fact, sound otherwise in the ears of a Japanese. It is not in their occupation, in a legitimate sense, that Geisha are undesirable to have in a well-disciplined home, but in a certain unpleasant reputation that is naturally due to the circumstances of their calling.

The Geisha are trained to entertain men, and not their own sex. They are the professional entertainers of the cities of the empire, and are well paid for their services. The women of Japan, unlike those of Western countries, have little part in social functions, and the enjoyments of the men are not shared by their wives and daughters. When a man or a party of men wish to arrange some social entertainment, they expect the amusement of the occasion to be furnished by pretty and altogether charming Geisha. Generally these affairs are held in the houses, and it is customary to engage certain Geisha who are generally known by what would be called in the Western world their stage names. These are names of flowers, gems, seasons, or, indeed, anything of great beauty and attractiveness, and are generally known as "flower names." Such names are O Kiku San, which means the "Honorable Miss Chrysanthemum;" or O Tama San, which is the "Honorable Miss Jewel;" or Haru San, the "Honorable Miss Spring;" "G," which means "honorable," is used only before words of one or two syllables. "Miss Camelia," for instance, would be Tsubaki San, merely.

These girls are possessed of wonderful

charm, and play havoc with the hearts of the young men of Tokio and the other cities. Many of them marry distinguished men, and the wives of some of the most prominent men in Japan to-day were Geisha. They are especially lying to the young college men of Japan. Some of the universities have found it necessary to make very strict rules in regard to the students consorting with the Geisha, and some forbid it entirely.

The Geisha make a very pretty show in the gay life of the cities, as they are trained to bear themselves well and be vivacious at all times, and they dress luxuriously and in exquisite style. They have the principal boxes at theaters and at all public places. But they have no social rank. They do not form, as is too often supposed by Westerners, a class of demi-mondaines, as that class is known in London, Paris, and New York; but they are considered as entirely too free in their manners to be admitted into good society.

It is probable that the Geisha will disappear before the enfranchisement of women in Japan. Formerly the Japanese woman was not permitted to take part in social entertainment, and this function fell to the professional entertainer. Men found the Geisha far more amusing than the women of their own acquaintances in society, and this led to the creation of this peculiar class. Now that education is accomplishing for woman in Japan what it has accomplished for woman in France, England and America, it is evident that the day of the Geisha is passing. It needs only an opportunity for development to show that the museum, the Japanese girl, can be as entertaining and as interesting as the most charming Geisha of Kyoto—which has attained the high eminence of producing the most beautiful and entertaining Geisha in the Japanese Empire."

Eve Tempted Adam.

And Adam has been tempting Eve ever since. Imagine a man selling a woman rancid butter while keeping her attention fixed on a "prize" given with the rancid butter! A woman may be tempted by "prizes" to buy common soaps, that she may not know will soon ruin her clothes and hands. But she soon finds out the difference between common soaps and Sunlight Soap. She finds Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—a prize in itself. Her clothes last longer, and her hands are saved from eczema.

220

British American Business College

Yonge and McGill Sts., Toronto  
Day and Evening Classes. Catalogue free.  
D. HOSKINS, Chartered Accountant, Principal.

SYLLABIC SHORTHAND

THE BEST SYSTEM  
It is the most legible and speedy system in use to-day. Has no position, no shading, no dots, and only three rules and nine different characters. Write for terms and testimonials.  
SYLLABIC SHORTHAND COLLEGE, cor. Yonge and Bloor Sts., Toronto. W. T. MOON, Principal.

Want Your Clothes Pressed?

'Phone Main 1862 and we will do the rest. Reasonable prices and the best work.  
A card or 'phone will bring you our prices.

Cheesworth's Clothes Press

130 KING STREET WEST

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SHIPMENT OF

Warm Undyed Wool 1.50  
Shirts and Drawers  
Double-breasted, all sizes.

Can recommend these as of excellent value.

WREYFORD & CO., Underwear Specialists.

85 King Street West.

KAY'S DRAPERY SPECIALS KAY'S

For real artistic home-furnishing nothing can take the place of draperies. Our lines of these goods are absolutely complete in designs, colors and patterns. Our draperies give the interior of the house that rich appearance so much sought after by housekeepers. You will do well to see these goods at our store.

**John Kay, Son & Co., Limited**  
36-38 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.



**Baby's Own Soap**



**PURE, FRAGRANT, CLEANSING.**

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS.  
MONTREAL.

**A Comfort**

Well cleaned blankets are a comfort, and if cleaned here it saves the housekeeper much hard work.

**R. PARKER & CO.**  
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto  
301 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. West,  
471 and 1267 Queen St. West, 277 Queen St. East.  
Phone: North 3111, Main 2143 and 1004,  
Park 98.

**SYMINGTON'S**  
EDINBURGH  
**COFFEE ESSENCE**

Makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles from all Grocers.

**GUARANTEED PURE.**

**ONTARIO INSTITUTE OF**  
**OSTEOPATHY**  
21 NORTH STREET

Consultation and examination free. Every facility for the treatment of diseases without the use of drugs. We make a specialty of Chronic cases. Experienced lady assistant. Testimonials and literature upon application by mail or in person. Phone—North 1733.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**

Genuine  
**Carter's**  
**Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of  
*Wm. Wood*

See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR NEURALGIA. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

**O'Keefe's Special**

**Turn It Upside Down**

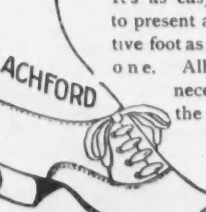
—DRINK IT ALL—  
—NO DRESS—  
—NOT CARBONATED—

The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented. A single trial will convince. To be had at all hotels and dealers.

**The O'KEEFE BREWERY CO.**  
OF TORONTO, Limited

**Easy Enough**

It's as easy for you to present an attractive foot as a homely one. All that is necessary is the



**HAGAR SHOE**

SOLD BY  
**H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.**

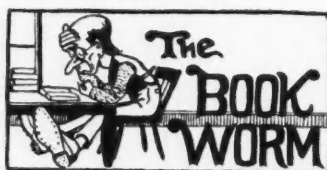
## Curious Bits of News.

The anonymous author of "An Onlooker's Note Book" says that he remembers a little boy belonging to an historic English family who cried when he cut his finger—not because it hurt, but because he was poignantly disappointed to find that his blood was not blue, as he had always been taught, but red, like anyone else's.

The majority of people can scarcely remember the time when there was no revolver, yet the fact is that it is a modern weapon and in its form of real efficiency is less than half a century old. It was the invention of Joseph Shirk, a citizen of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Before the civil war there were the old-fashioned pepper-boxes, which were dangerous to the user; then came the "navy" which had to be loaded like a musket, each barrel requiring separate attention, and usually being ineffective, except at point-blank range. Then followed the present weapon of destruction, which is more effective than the musket of our fathers. Out of the revolver was evolved the repeating rifle of to-day, which has so far changed to the whole tactics and strategy of war that Jean De Block felt that a great war could never again take place.

It is said that one of the great enemies of the overland telegraph line in Central Australia is the common green frog. In order to save the insulators from being broken by the lightning they are provided with wire "droppers" leading round them at a little distance to conduct on to the iron pole in case of need. The frogs climb the poles and find the insulators cool and pleasant to their bodies, and fancy that the "dropper" is put there to furnish them with a back seat. After a nap they yawn and stretch out a leg until it touches the pole—result, sudden death to the frog, and as the body continues to conduct the current to earth we have a paragraph in the papers to the effect that "in consequence of an interruption to the lines probably caused by a cyclonic disturbance in the interior, we are unable to present our readers with the usual cables from England!"

A great many people were sorry to hear, a little while ago, that old "Pug," the Central Park, New York, police horse, was to be sold by auction. For fourteen years he had done service in the police department, and during that time had stopped innumerable runaways, several of them on his own account, having started when his rider was absent and having caught the reins of the runaway in his teeth. "He caught three hundred and fifteen during the first four years," said his master. "Then I lost count." But old age had rendered "Pug" no longer equal to his arduous duties, and it was decreed that he be sold. Those who knew him were afraid he might fall into harsh or inconsiderate hands. Happily, however, the fear was groundless. A friend who was grateful for what the old horse had done in the line of duty bought him, and has put him in charge of the policeman who has ridden him so long.



**A DELIGHTFULLY** entertaining volume is "The Queen's Story Book," being historical stories collected out of English romantic literature in illustration of the reigns of English monarchs from the Norman conquest to Queen Victoria. Mr. George Laurence Gomme, who compiled the "King's Story Book," which marked a departure and earned instant success amongst books designed to amuse, is the editor of the new volume. Mr. Gomme has also compiled the "Prince's Story Book" and the "Princesses' Story Book." They are all constructed upon similar lines. The strong point of these handsome and readable volumes is that they supply specimens of romantic prose literature to many who would gladly know more of what English literature has to say about English history. The great masters, Scott and Thackeray, together with Lytton, John Galt, Ainsworth and others, are again put under tribute. As Mr. Gomme says in his introduction, "most people who love the masters of English literature have their favorite passages—passages that have been read through dozens of times, and always with zest. To present many such passages as separate stories will . . . be an acceptable offering to the fireside literature of our day." One charm of such books is that they need not be read from cover to cover; one can regale oneself with one story now and another again, husbanding the remaining treasure and eking it out as one's fancy dictates. In the "Queen's Story Book" the selections are very happy ones. "How the Queen of the Forest met the King of the Land," by Thomas Love Peacock; "How King Charles Dealt with Friends and Foes," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Fall of Argyle," by John Galt; "The Passing of the Crown from the Stuarts," by William Makepeace Thackeray, and "A Story of the Chartist Riots," by Lord Beaconsfield, are some of the best chapters. The

## Alluring Coffee.

Nearly Killed the Nurse.

When one of the family is sick, Mother seems to be the only person who can tenderly nurse the patient back to health. But we forget sometimes that it is pretty hard on Mother.

Mrs. Propst of Albany, Ore., says: "About twenty-seven months ago Father suffered with a stroke of paralysis, confining him to his bed for months, and as he wished Mother with him constantly, his care in a great measure fell to her lot. She was seventy-four years old, and through constant attendance upon my father, lost both sleep and rest, and began drinking coffee in quantities until finally she became very weak, nervous and ill herself.

By her physician's order, she began giving Father both Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts, and in that way began using both herself. The effect was very noticeable. Father improved rapidly, and Mother regained her strength and health, and now both are well and strong. Mother says it is all due to the continued use of both Postum and Grape-Nuts."

## WHY WOOLLENS WEAR THIN.

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Sir, I have just come round myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me.

I have!  
Yes, sir, you have!  
Surely you are mistaken, madam!  
I am not mistaken. I sent round my little girl a few days ago for a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things. In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ruined, sir, and it's your fault!

Yes, but I sent what I usually send. In such cases.  
What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I find you usually send her the same soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

Named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands? But I know better now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands are in a nice plight, too!

I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands.

Well, I was telling Mrs. Neill my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it:

"Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive property of soda upon wool very graphically.

"After mentioning how strong alkali such as potash and soda, disastrously affect cotton, linen, and wool, he says: 'On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our hospitals, which, when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and that led to an investigation as to whether the blankets were genuine or not. They looked well, and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that there was cotton mixed with

the wool, and the question was as to separating the two, because they were thoroughly woven throughout, and it was only by detaching the fine fibres from each other that you identified the cotton fibre. I fell on the device of using soda. I took a bit of blanket and put it in a vessel with soda, and boiled it there, and very quickly the wool got eaten away by the soda, and there was left behind the cotton as a kind of skeleton—a sort of ghost—of the original blanket out of which it was taken. I mention this merely to indicate to you the pernicious effects of using caustic materials, which, when employed strongly by themselves, affect woollen articles in this way, and which, even when not very strong, will more slowly, but with equal certainty, tend to destroy the woollen fibre."

Now, I want to tell you that we neighbors have had a talk over the matter, and we are not going to have our clothes and hands ruined in this way. Several of our neighbors who know have proved to us that Washing Soda, Potash, Chloride of Lime, and "soap substitutes" are most injurious to clothes and hands. "Free alkali" in soaps is practically the caustic soda that burns the clothes. Why, you dare not keep Caustic Soda in a tin canister; it must be in an earthen jar, or it will even corrode the tin! Now, it's for you to provide us with pure soap without free alkali, or we must find it elsewhere.

Madam, you enlighten me! So many soaps are advertised as pure, that I really took little heed to any difference between them.

I have one, however, that has medical certificates of its freedom from free alkali. It is guaranteed pure; and the makers offer \$5,000 reward to any one who can prove it is not pure, and further, I am authorized to return the purchase money to any one finding cause for complaint.

Let me see it! Why, Sunlight Soap! It's a beautiful clean, fresh-looking soap, and this Octagon shape is very handy. Give me five bars.

Note by the grocer.—This whole neighborhood is using Sunlight Soap now. I have no more complaints. I have no room in my store now for resinsous concoctions of alkali poisons; but it is not the grocer's fault if the alkali is mixed with common soaps. If the public ask for Sunlight Soap—Octagon bar—we give it them.

illustrations, which are numerous and excellent, are by W. H. Robinson. Messrs. Morang & Co. are the publishers of the Canadian edition.

A good story well told is always acceptable, and if all the novels of the so-called historical school had as sprightly a yarn in them, with as much of real dash and honest humor as "The Wayfarers," by J. C. Snaith, the critics would have little to complain of. This is an English story of the early eighteenth century, and reflects the spirit of that time with doubtless a very near approach to accuracy. Mr. Snaith has a lively and most undaunted invention, and his book bristles with truly astonishing adventures, as is meet in the history of a noble rake who has come to the end of his resources and reputation, and is forced to take to the highways as a wanderer, accompanied by his lady love—a hoydenish creature of noble birth, whose father will have nothing of her wayward match. Even such a story, however, happily though it ends, would be tame and insipid were it not for the telling of it. It is the unflagging humor and spontaneous energy of the recital that carries the tale along, with never a moment of boredom. "The Wayfarers" will undoubtedly score a popular success, as it deserves to do. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) have issued a dainty and well-printed Canadian edition.

"Flower Legends and Other Poems," by Alma Frances McCollum (Toronto: William Briggs), is a daintily-printed volume of unpretentious verse. Miss McCollum has much to learn of versification, and while she possesses a riotous fancy, her poems do not frequently bear any trace of that higher and more poetic faculty—imagination. Nevertheless the poems are not without merit. If Miss McCollum would avoid trite and conventional rhymes and would exercise a more severe self-criticism, she could improve some of her more serious poems to the level of acceptable newspaper verse. As it is, her best efforts are those in a humorous vein. Of these one short example may suffice:

Our family is first in style  
Since Sister Ella's marriage;  
Content erstwhile to wheel, we now  
Possess a horseless carriage.  
'Tis built of pliable rattan,  
And has pneumatic tires;  
'Tis impregnated with oil and flame,  
Or live electric wires.

The rider neither drives nor steers  
Aboard his horseless carriage;  
His aunties trundle it abroad,  
Since Sister Ella's marriage.

The heroine of Marie Corelli's "Temper Power" is called "Gloria." This is evidently an effort to show that Miss Corelli can draw a better "Gloria" than her great rival, Hall Caine. Miss Corelli has latterly manifested a firm determination to "see" whatever Mr. Caine writes, and to "go one better." Thus when Mr. Caine wrote "The Christian," Miss Corelli immediately followed with "The Master Christian," and when Mr. Caine wrote a novel concerning priests and kings and Socialists, and called it "The Eternal City," Miss Corelli "raised" him by writing "Temper Power." Her idea of giving her heroine the same name as the heroine of one of her rival's most successful books is certainly an original one. "Why should she not develop this idea still further, and give us a novel in which all the characters should be those concerning whom Mr. Caine has written?" asks the New York "Times Saturday Review."

Here is the San Francisco "Argonaut's" interesting summing up of Zola: "Zola is no more a realist than the daily paper is a mirror. The modern daily prides itself on being 'the mirror of the day.' It is anything but that. It reflects not the life of the day, but the crimes, the horrors, the sensations of the day. To look at the daily paper one would imagine that the world was made up entirely of felons, harlots, madmen and murderers. It is more like the concave and convex glasses which distort the onlooker rather than the plane mirror which reflects him. So with Zola.

He compresses into a week the miseries of a century. He compresses into a village the crimes of a whole country. He compresses into a man or woman the criminal potentialities of all their forebears. This is not realism. It is grotesquery. No man or woman could be so bad as Zola's criminals, for two reasons—time and space. First, they couldn't get over the ground fast enough; second, there are only twenty-four hours in the day."

One takes up "The Confessions of a Wife," by the unknown writer, Mary Adams, supposing it to be merely a book of sentimental gush, or, at the best, an attempt to work out some home-problem. But the book takes an unexpected turn, and almost in the first pages we realize that it is a story of the heart—that the pure, sweet soul of a motherless girl, with all its longing and loneliness, is being revealed to us. Her pitiful attempts to keep her maidenly poise under the protestations of her lover and the shy words that tell of her growing love and final surrender, all appeal to one. After this follows a period of such mad joy that one begins to fear for Maria. Then the note of change is rung—indifference on his part, increasing tenderness and loyalty on hers. They drift farther apart, until he takes a consoling trip to Montevideo, where the child and her own delicate health forbid her to follow. One year later he is brought home to her a poor, shattered wreck, "shame, disease, despair and desolation" written on his face—a victim of the morphine habit. Clearly there is no problem to be faced here—only a tale of such courage and devotion, such tenderness and long-suffering that at the end we close the book almost reverently, as though it were a sacred thing. The story is told in the form of a diary and letters. It bears the imprint of the Copp, Clark Company.

## Prejudice Overcome.

After Everything Else Had Failed, Madame Bajold Tried Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and Is Cured.

Dyspepsia and other kindred stomach troubles always cause great depression of spirits.

This depression is frequently shown in the form of doubt and fear.

A Dyspeptic is hard to convince, and this doubt and fear is one of the surest symptoms of Dyspepsia.

Madame Marie Ann Bajold of Maria Cap, Bonaventure County, Quebec, was for years a chronic Dyspeptic.

She says she always had very strong objections to proprietary medicines, and refused for a long time to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets as a cure for her malady.

She preferred to consult several physicians, and it was not until after their treatment had been thoroughly tested with no good results that she made up her mind to throw aside all doubt, fear and prejudice and use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

She was by this time very low, and could not take the simplest food without having a severe pain across her stomach, together with great distress of body and mind. After a short treatment of this remedy she writes:

"Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are wonderful. For two years my life has been a burden, but they have completely cured me."

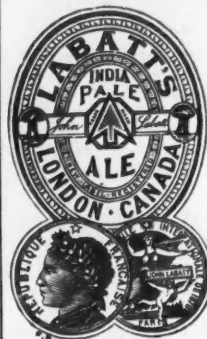
"It is now a long time since I have taken any, and my trouble has not returned."

"I recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets to all who suffer with Dyspepsia."

This is an unsolicited testimony of one who for a long time refused to be cured, and should come as good advice to any Dyspeptic who may be in doubt as to how best to find relief from the pain and distress which is the inevitable result of this malady.

## Carried Unanimously.

A small town in Scotland, eager to vie with its neighbors in the coronation ceremonies, held a public meeting of its citizens in the town hall. The provost,

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION  
BUFFALO

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED  
LABATT'S  
ALE and PORTER

SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS

The "HANAN"



a popular shoe—because of its merit, correct style, excellent finish, superb quality. Men's—made in Patent Colt, Patent Kid, Vici Kid, Box Calf and Patent Chrome, at \$7 and \$8. Women's—made in Vici Kid, Patent Kid and Patent Colt, at \$6 and \$7.

The St. Leger Shoe Co.

4 STORES { 110 and 216 YONGE STREET, 92 and 182 QUEEN ST. WEST } TORONTO

## Confessions of a Wife

By MARY ADAMS.

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANVILLE SMITH \$1.25

Wanted:  
A Chaperon

By Paul Leicester Ford

Author of "Wanted: A Match-maker," "Janice Meredith," etc., with ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR by H.C. CHRISTY and decorations by Margaret Armstrong.

8 vo. Cloth - \$2.00.

"Describes how a wild and reluctant girl is captured by love and a man against her will. It is done with such sly humor and admirable literary reticence that it captures the reader as insensibly and completely as Marma was captured by the unreasonable man. Whoever the author, Mary Adams, may be, she has a dainty and original touch."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

THE COPP, CLARK CO., Limited  
PUBLISHERS, TORONTO'DARTRING'  
LANOLINE

'DARTRING' BRAND



Natural Toilet Preparations.

'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexions from the effects of wind and sun. 'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP is unequalled for cleansing and keeping the skin supple. It never irritates.

Wholesale: 67, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

**CLARK'S LUNCH TONGUE**



Tender—Tasty—Exquisite—  
and ready to serve.

None are better than Clark's.

WM. CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.  
N.B.—CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS ARE DELICIOUS

a democratic old blacksmith, was elected chairman, and after explaining the purpose for which the meeting was called, asked for suggestions as to the best manner of celebrating the event.

A prominent citizen rose from his seat in the middle of the hall, and said:

"Master Cheerman and Gentlemen—I'm nae speaker, but on sic an occasion as this I wil like tae mak the suggestion that the toon should celebrate the coronation by holdin' one itself on a sma' scale. I propose that the cheerman, our worthy provost, be king for the occasion, an', if he's willin', we'll crown him in the square wi' a new silk hat, for I'm thinkin' the one he wears is out o' fashion and the worse o' the wear."

Loud cheers greeted this proposal, and it was carried unanimously.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY  
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

## Some Freak Hotel Rules.

Following are the rules and regulations posted in the European Hotel in Bloomington, Ill.:

Board, 50 cents per square foot; meals extra; breakfast at 6, supper at 7.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb-waiter; guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-

rising flour for lunch. Not responsible for diamonds, bicycles and other valuables kept on the counter; they should be kept under the safe.

The office is convenient to all connections; horses to hire, 25 cents a day.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find hammer and nails in the closet.

If the room gets too warm open the window and see the fire escape.

If you are fond of athletics and like good jumping, lift the mattress and see the bed spring.

Baseballists desiring a little practice will find a pitcher on the stand.

If the lights go out, take a soda—that is light enough for any man.

Anyone troubled with nightmare will find a halter in the barn.

Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundation.

—Detroit "Free Press."

## A Comfortable Night Train.

Toronto passengers for Port Huron and Detroit find the 11:20 p.m. express a very convenient train for these points. It carries a Pullman sleeping car to Detroit via Port Huron, and also has through wide vestibuled coach, Toronto to Chicago, arriving Detroit 7:25 a.m., Chicago 12:50 p.m. Reservations and information at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.





## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE: { Business Office..... } Main 1709  
                  { Editorial Rooms..... }

Subscriptions for Canada and United States addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$3 00  
Six Months..... 1 00  
Three Months..... 50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.  
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS  
VOL. 15. TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1902. NO. 50.



## THE DRAMA

Mr. Willard's acting has been praised so persistently and so unqualifiedly, not to say extravagantly, in the press of Toronto—his personality and his art have been gushed over with such effusiveness by theatergoers of all ages and both sexes, both habitual and occasional—that it now seems almost impossible to find just terms in which to voice temperate eulogy of this eminent Thespian. Continuous praise tends to degenerate into conventional praise, insincere praise. The latter is an evil more to be dreaded by the true artist than hostile criticism. Matthew Arnold described the penalties of fame as "insincere praises, stupid detraction, jealousy, cabal." It will be observed which one he makes the chief and foremost, and having this in mind, how interesting it would be to know how much of the popular laudation of everything Mr. Willard does in a professional way is due to intelligent appreciation of the resourcefulness, beauty and strength of his acting and how much to a mere conventional and supine acquiescence in the thing that everyone has been saying and that everyone, therefore, is expected to say. It is so easy to drift with the current, to accept the judgments of others, rather than form independent judgments of one's own. Mr. Willard has long been a popular idol in Toronto. Men admire him; women dote on him; young girls with their hair just out of braids, and their appetite for matinees and caramels in the full rage of first indulgence, vote unanimously that he is "just too lovely!" Meanwhile newspaper criticism has piled Pelion upon Ossa in the work of convincing all and sundry that Willard is the very paragon of actors, the absolutely flawless one, whose every character is the perfect expression of a perfect art, and whom it would be impious, were it not impossible, to criticize. The "stopping over" has become a trifle wearisome. But Mr. Willard is a great actor, versatile, facile, subtle and satisfying. His person is comely, his voice a rich and delicate instrument. His plays are such only as appeal to the best taste of the cultivated and self-respecting. They are wisely chosen with an eye single to the proper function of the theater, which is entertainment, diversion—artistic entertainment, elevating entertainment if you will—but still mere entertainment, not instruction or preaching. In all Mr. Willard's acting one cannot but feel that there is a man, a heart, a personality, noble and sweet, behind the mask of the mummer. This ethical presence adds power to the charm of the artist. And finally, Mr. Willard surrounds himself with actors worthy to be associated with him. In seeking for the causes of his success, it would be unfair to overlook the large contribution of his subordinates. This year, in particular, he has had the assistance of an exceptionally able and attractive company. One might mention, as especially efficient, among the men, Messrs. J. G. Taylor, Ernest Stallard, Bassett Roe, A. S. Homewood, H. Barfoot, J. J. Bartlett, H. Cane and H. G. Lonsdale, and among the women Miss Maud Fealy, Miss Rose Beaudet, Miss Alice Lonnor, Miss Joan Blair, Miss Fealy, it is true, leaves something to be desired as a leading lady. Though beautiful, she seems to lack temperament and variety of expression. However, she is yet very young, and her powers still await their maturity. On the whole, Mr. Willard's male support contrasts with the women of his company rather to the disadvantage of the latter.

Having said so much of Mr. E. S. Willard's brilliant gifts and accomplishments, and of the means he employs to give them due scope, is there yet room for qualifying criticism of his art? As a matter of fact, because mortal man is never the perfect craftsman. To sit down and confess, as so many Toronto theatergoers seem inclined to do, that a particular actor is ideal, impeccable and removed from the range of criticism, is to argue a taste no longer vital and selective, but dead, incapable of growth. Mr. E. S. Willard is not equally distinguished in all his impersonations. Some of his characters—as Cyrus Blenkarn and Tom Pinch—are great creations in the highest sense. But others of them halt this side of greatness, clever and facile though they may be. Nor is Mr. Willard generally esteemed so highly as he is in Toronto. Everywhere he is admitted to be a great actor; in Toronto he is looked upon as the biggest thing that has yet happened in the mummery profession. Our judgment, if it is somewhat wide of the mark, has the merit of being decidedly our own.

Everyone is sorry that this is the "farewell tour" of Mr. Willard. Everyone at the same time cherishes the faint, small hope that, like other farewell tours, it will not prove to be the final final farewell. Mr. Willard will always be welcome in Toronto if he lives to be as old as Joe Jefferson. He will always be welcome so long as he brings with him such a galaxy of clever actors and so many delightful, wholesome and diverting plays as he has brought on all his visits up to the present. He will be welcome no less for his personal than for his professional qualities. And he will be received with the open arms of affectionate appreciation by the few who still reserve the right to an artistic conscience and an independent judgment, equally with those who have given themselves so completely into the spell of the moment that they can think, speak, and act only in terms of unqualified superlative.

Sixty somersaults in as many seconds from the surface of a "rebounding table" into midair, is the feat of a human shrimp—one of the Brothers Martine—at Shea's Yonge Street Theater this week. The Martines merit the description of grotesque acrobats, but at one performance at least he of the tramp make-up came near crossing the line from burlesque to tragedy. He fell on the lower region of his back upon the iron edge of the rebounding table, and must



MR. E. S. WILLIAMSON.

"The Box Collector"

who presents "An Evening with Dickens" at Conservatory Music Hall on Wednesday, 29th instant. Plan at Tyrrell's Book Shop on Monday, 27th.

have hurt a useful portion of his anatomy "some considerable." He did not state how much the table had suffered. Cook and Sonora's act is one of the most uproariously funny that has been seen at Shea's in a long while. Cook is a grotesque-looking "hobo" and an all-round entertainer. He does a new st. up that one cannot see without being moved to merriment. Florence Birley is another versatile entertainer—almost equally good in monologue, song and dance, imitations, and musical novelties. Edna Aug, the pretty little Dutch girl who scrubs the stage and slathers the orchestra with soapsuds while she delivers herself of quaint German jokes, is not new to Toronto people, but judging from the cordiality of her reception at every performance, her act has not lost its popularity by reason of its age. The Rossow Midgets do a number of clever acrobatic tricks and have a red-hot "set-to" with the gloves. This is an easy and respectable way of seeing what a boxing bout is like on a small scale, for those whose sex or social position prevents them from patronizing the ring. Two rather interesting farces are presented by Stephen Grattan and Co., and Girard and Gardner. The first, "Locked Out at 3 a.m.," has possibilities that Mr. Grattan and his partner do not by any means live up to in their performance. The Girard and Gardner hit, "The Soubrette and the Cop," reveals clever acting, but has not the inherent novelty of situation of the Grattan piece. The panorama of Palestine in the kinetograph is an impressive series of pictures, but requires some descriptive material in order to be as interesting as it might be made.

"The Chaperons," frothy, flippant and frolicsome, has provided a week of musical entertainment at the Grand—a pleasant change after the rather monotonous run of drama since the first week or two of the season. "The Chaperons" was already familiar to Toronto theatergoers, having been produced at the Princess Theater last season. It is a good show of its class—with plenty of airy if reminiscent music, a "hot" story, good scenery, and a shimmering array of shapely forms. The cast is a good deal altered since last year, but is still strong in soloists, comedians, dancers and "dancers." Altogether "The Chaperons" is a dissipation worth indulging in. LANCE.

The new spectacular military opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," by Stange and Edwards, authors of "Dolly Varden," will be presented at the Princess Theater on Monday evening for a week's engagement by the Whitney Opera Company, an organization of artists which for vocal strength, dramatic force and merit it is claimed



GEORGE BACKUS,

With the Whitney Opera Company.

has not been surpassed by any body of lyric players recently assembled under one organization. The atmosphere of this new opera will be rather novel to Toronto, the plot going back to the stirring times of the American Civil War. The opening scene represents the headquarters of a Union general, Allen. A gay company of young Southern women enters. Presently an equal number of Union officers appear, and after a little preliminary manoeuvring they all fall to waltzing with infectious spirit. The effect of the huge hoops worn by the ladies is bizarre, but before the act gets well along these are seen to be humorously picturesque, and a necessary part of the historical picture. The action is dramatic. A striking incident is the love-making between General Allen and Mrs. Pemberton, a widow, and the seemingly accidental and simultaneous singing by an invisible chorus of the negro slaves of the plaintive "Massa's in de col, col' ground." A dramatic phase of the finale of the first act is a blood-stirring illusion, as of an entire division of soldiers on the march to battle, and the musical effect is produced by a clever interblending of Union and Confederate airs. The second scene discloses an exterior of a fine old mansion on the bank of the Mississippi River. The house itself is what is known in stage parlance as "practical," with its broad and solid verandah, vine-embowered walls, noble trees in the immediate foreground, and a night view of the river with the shimmering light on the water, fireflies darting in the air, and a merry company of darkies in a frolic of song and dance. This is preliminary

to an excursion into the melodramatic, with an introduction to a comedy villain and to a complication that involves the hero in seeming guilt as a spy. Act third is in two scenes—the encampment of the Federal army, a fine composition, and a view that is noticed on the bills as "Prior to the declaration of peace." This is from the brush of Ernest Albert. The others are by B. Frank Dodge and Homer Emens. Perhaps the most telling numbers in the opera are "Good Night, South, Good Night," "Yankees," "My Own United States," "Ariella," "Little More Than Children," "Fairland," "My Honeysuckle Girl," "Years Touch," "Not the Heart," "Love's Night" and "The Dream of the Flag."

Another operatic star has gone into vaudeville—Miss Mary Linck. She will appear at Shea's Theater next week and will sing selections from among her greatest operas, such as "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Lohengrin," "Trovatore," and several others. Miss Linck was last seen in Toronto as the contralto of the Bostonians. Miss Linck has won honors on both sides of the Atlantic, having made her debut at the Royal Court Theater, Liverpool, England. She has sung before Royalty in England and Italy, but claims Indiana, the Hoosier State, as her birthplace. The appearance of Miss Linck at Shea's will undoubtedly draw all the music-loving people of Toronto. Frank Keenan will be heard in a high-class monologue, Jules and Ella Garrison will be seen in a bit of nonsense in which they will burlesque tragedy stars. They have a very fine stage setting for the act, and are new to Toronto. The Eretto Family, acrobats; Rosa Naynon's trick birds; Bert Shepard, a comedian who has been in London for six years, together with the kinetograph, showing "A Trip to the Moon," are other attractions mentioned.

## Rugby.

I certainly went against the grain of shouting Argonauts' supporters to see their favorites go down on the cold October dirt to defeat last Saturday. Those so hopeful in the first half for the oarsmen's welfare were ready, with rainy eyes, to write sorrow on the earth and think of sombre things—graves, worms and epitaphs—in the last half.

The Argonauts' defeat was due primarily to costly fumbles, the Rough Riders' wing line, and hard luck. The oarsmen's scrimmage was, as usual, glib, but the Argos' inability to hold their opponents' wings prohibited entirely the satisfactory working of the pigskin to the half division. This in a large measure will be relieved with the appearance on Saturday at Ottawa of "Buck the line" Curly Britton behind Joe Wright. Then, too, the boys have been practising hard this week at the rink, and any improvement in passing and catching will be of as momentous assistance to them as hot grog in a prairie blizzard. But, truthfully speaking, there was much disappointment expressed as to the generally poor standard of both teams last Saturday. As the referee said, "Tactics or generalship were not much in evidence, and if the captains, instead of playing the referee with useless appeals (as well as stock market 'wiseacres' in the grand stand) were to use their energy in controlling and directing their players, a more scientific game would result." Percy Brown's criticism sizes up the situation pretty well. In all fairness to the Ottawa men, though they did not play with their usual brilliancy, that old-time bitterness has dwindled, like the bung-hole without the barrel, into nothing. This was received with favor and satisfaction even among the rankest of anti-Rough Riders.

Last year, when the Argonauts pulled out of the Union Station for Ottawa, few supporters within the shadow of St. James' spire or Big Ben expected the apples of their eye would beard the Rough Riders in their den, but the Argonauts landed at Ottawa on time, went into the field on time, and when time was called were the victors. On Saturday the same bunch will go on to the gridiron at Ottawa grided with the armor of stealth and purpose, and with their old-time star watching over them, why shouldn't they, like Sanford, pull themselves out of a hole?

Here's luck to the Argos, anyway.

Q. T.

## To the Terrestrial Globe.

By a Miserable Wretch.  
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through pathless realms of space  
Roll on!  
What though I'm in a sorry case?  
What though I cannot meet my bills?  
What though I suffer toothache's ills?  
What though I swallow countless pills?  
Never you mind!  
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through seas of inky air  
Roll on!  
It's true I've got no shirts to wear,  
It's true my butcher's bill is due,  
It's true my prospects all look blue—  
But don't let that unsettle you!  
Never you mind!  
Roll on!

(It rolls on.)

W. S. GILBERT.

## Spain's Athletic Young King.

As well as being fond of riding, the young King of Spain is devoted to bicycling. He takes to games of every kind, and plays almost every day in summer at tennis or croquet; football has also a fascination for him. He takes an interest in art and in science, but his chief delight is in his military studies, for he is a born soldier, and is fond of reading military works in all languages. He speaks English, French and German fluently, and is particularly interested in German and English literature.



Diogenes Milligan on the still hunt for a Man to guide the destinies of Queen's University.

## Church Music in Toronto.

II.—St. Michael's Cathedral.

CONGRATULATED myself at the moment of entering St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday morning as I heard the opening strains of the "Kyrie" of Haydn's Second Mass, for I had feared that the service that particular morning might be Gregorian. The church was crowded by devout worshippers, and the music of the Mass was sung by a choir of about thirty members with a full complement of solo voices. The accompaniments were played on the organ, and although they were skillfully managed by the organist, Miss Lemaire, the absence of the orchestra was a keen disappointment to me, the more especially after my two years' experience of a full instrumental service at a well-known Roman Catholic cathedral in London, England, where I gained an appreciative knowledge of the devotional resources of the orchestra as employed by such masters as Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, and Beethoven. But in this, as in the case of my preference for the modern Catholic Church music, my views are in conflict with those of many ecclesiastical authorities who hold that the musical service should be plain, and that the absorption of worship is distracted by music that has vivacity, richness of harmony, warmth of color and sensuous charm. The advocates of Gregorian song have always been opposed to brilliant instrumental effects, sentimentality of melody, or piquancy of harmony. There can be no question, however, that the richly ornate masses of the modern school of composers—I mean the Catholic Church composers who followed Palestrina—have been always more acceptable to the laity of the Church than the austere musical settings. In this connection it will be interesting to recall the fact that at one time the late Archbishop Lynch endeavored to confine the music at St. Michael's to the Gregorian chant, and in fact when he was present the plain chant was always sung. He subsequently went to Ireland and the Continent, and on his return the choir prepared a special service to celebrate his reappearance in the Cathedral. The services for that particular Sunday included Mozart's Twelfth Mass and Lamotte's "Magnificat." His Grace, it seems, was extremely pleased with the musical performance, and congratulated the choir and director upon the result. He also intimated that his experience in Europe had modified his objections to the modern music, and that from that time the Gregorian chant would not be insisted upon. The present archbishop, I understand, is not an advocate of the orchestra, and it is even thought that if circumstances were favorable he might, following the example of the late Cardinal Manning in London, banish women singers from the choir.

The effect of the music last Sunday morning was, on the whole, surprisingly good, and was the more creditable considering that the soloists make no pretensions to professional training, the chorus are not frequently rehearsed, and the choir-master, Mr. L. J. R. Richardson, had a few days before removed from the city to Norwood, his place being taken at short notice by Mr. F. W. Miller. To the critical auditor there were many faults and weaknesses. The solo singers, perhaps unconsciously, indulged much too freely in the tremolo, the division of the florid passages was often blurred, and the chorus were not always ready in attack. On the other hand, the singers were all apparently animated by genuine fervor, and the solo voices, aided by the peculiar acoustics of the long and narrow nave and aisles, reached the congregation with the quality refined and softened, and of an appealing devotional character. The chorus, considering their numbers, produced a vigorous, full body of tone, and sang with generally good intonation. There was quite a sufficiency of solo singers, the soprani being Miss Maud McEvoy and Mrs. Small; contralto, Miss Alice McCarron; tenors, Messrs. F. W. Miller, M. J. MacNamara and J. J. Patton, and bass, A. J. H. Leithausen. As to the organ, it is to me one of the most satisfactory church instruments in the city. It was originally built for the Exhibition, and was afterwards purchased by the Cathedral, at a cost, I understand, of \$10,000. It is not top weighted, if I may use the expression, by an excess of shrill stops, and in consequence the effect of the full organ is majestic and rich, and eminently suited to its environment. This particular Mass of Haydn's must, I think, show the choir, as at present constituted, to better advantage than many others of the fourteen which have come down to us from that composer. It reflects very strongly the spirit that animated Haydn when he wrote the "Creation." Judged by this Mass, Haydn's religion was neither gloomy nor ascetic, but full of hope and joy. And yet in the more solemn moments of the service he reveals a devout exaltation rarely approached by his predecessors. The "Kyrie," with its graceful, melodic phrases, is a good example of the style of the whole Mass. Mrs. Small sang the solo with much brightness of voice, acquitting herself well in the florid passages. Miss McEvoy sang the solo of the "Et Incarnatus" expressively, and the other leading singers previously mentioned did conscientious work. Mr. Leithausen impressed one as having an exceptionally fine, resonant bass.

However praiseworthy the musical service of last Sunday may be conceded to have been, one cannot think that there has been a progressive development of the music of the Cathedral. The music was probably at its best when under the direction of the late Father Laurent, who was a genuine enthusiast. He frequently gave performances of the great Masses with orchestra, many of the instruments of which were supplied by the military bands then in Toronto. He was a thorough believer in the view that the very best of music should be enlisted in the service of the Church, and he spared neither time nor pains in preparation. Whenever opportunity offered he secured the services of the best solo singers that could be obtained and created a zealous interest in the song services that had not previously been reached. No serious effort seems to have been made of late years to elevate the standard of the musical services, either by promoting the formation of an orchestra or by stimulating the progress of the choir, and if the chorus should one day degenerate into an aggregation of incompetent and indifferent singers the result will not be surprising. I do not wish to be understood as saying this in any hostile spirit, but simply to call attention to the fact that the musical services of the Cathedral are falling behind, in comparison with those of the Anglican, Methodist and Baptist Churches, where the authorities are fully alive to the importance of keeping up the standard of efficiency in the organ gallery. The Catholic Church has a magnificent heritage of devotional music, but it is, in this city, taking the best advantage of it?

The Cathedral was founded in 1847. Among the organists and choir-masters who have at various times been responsible for the music may be mentioned Labitzky, the violin soloist, who so far back as 1861 contrived often to have an orchestra in the gallery; Haberstock, Hector Lemaire, Father Rohleder, Signor Dinelli, Mrs. Smith, Mr. L. J. R. Richardson, and Miss Lemaire.

I forgot to mention that at the Cathedral the organ and choir are stationed in a small gallery at the west end of the building, facing the altar, and that the congregation consequently have their backs to the singers. The plan is an old one, and in many respects works musically better than the ordinary method adopted in the non-Episcopal churches of having the choir at the back or immediately in front of the minister. It has been found in many cases that when the choir faces the congregation the soloists attract too much individual attention. CHERUBINO.

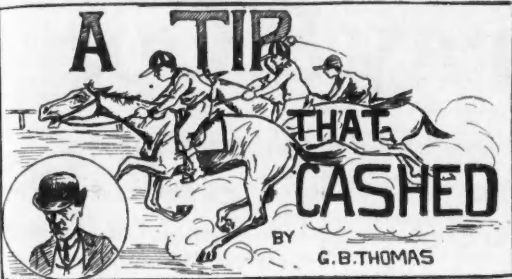
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.—  
Lives in one hour more than in years do some  
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.  
—The late Philip James Bailey.



"I" man  
his re  
saved  
uns of money  
but I had a  
was not only  
ing an immed  
I speak of ha  
direct cause o  
afternoon I w  
York, though  
presence in th  
was not exact  
rant an endea  
north. Like M  
up.

"I had ha  
on my way to  
when the tho  
look in at the  
just to keep m  
glory at the o  
as I was on O  
was pretty lat  
up for Hawth  
had a better li  
I was satisfie  
when I came  
two-year-olds  
was nothing  
and as I neve  
I lighted my  
"Seated be  
eyed young c  
laboring unde  
life of me ke  
loser, and a  
I depise it i  
who goes int  
winner all the  
his horse do  
this man's fa  
dry smoke, a  
mouth was a  
"Who d  
"Well,  
that keeps m  
"Hasn't  
per.  
"Who?  
chance, sure  
otherwise, n  
"Just the  
of the telegr  
silenced noon  
sang out the  
two lengths  
simply rompi  
in the stretc  
chap's face li  
Albert F. D  
the young fo  
him, feeling  
"Here,  
come, and  
win out ne  
and grasped  
got a single  
"Oh, t  
been touchi  
ing good w  
ruin ahead  
"He see  
away. 'I  
"Eh?  
"I've g  
pretty bad.  
says I have  
is by going  
morning I  
determined  
I had fifty  
moment, an  
think me a  
favorites at  
shall play  
Louis, and  
"I bit  
didn't know  
after all. J  
ing saw an  
tache and a  
said I, 'h  
speak to y  
"I excu  
walked to t  
the very p  
'how are  
said I, 'an  
ran up to  
don't want  
know any  
bit in the  
answered,  
next St. L  
ously, 'I'r  
"They  
race, and  
'Don't yo  
the word.  
me in a h  
rejoined u  
the card.  
olds and  
pretty fair  
the bettin  
Intendo  
cluded Ru  
ruv Blas.  
"Nov  
'you know  
one pretty  
nothing d  
ever, if yo  
"I loo  
against P  
'Nothing  
sire, Rata  
Quiver, I  
mud, but  
give you  
to go up.  
"I th  
'Play Pe  
play him  
betting s  
'earnest.'  
"I di





"I had a little experience in the life saving business that was not only out of the ordinary, but was the means of making an immediate increase in my bank roll. The incident I speak of happened some three years ago, and was the direct cause of my forswearing all games of chance. One afternoon I was sauntering idly along the streets of New York, though the Saratoga season was in full swing, my presence in the city being due to the fact that though I was not exactly penniless I was not in a condition to warrant an endeavor to cut any kind of a swath at the track up north. Like Micawber, I was waiting for something to turn up."

"I had had a fleeting but satisfactory luncheon and was on my way to the polo grounds to see the Giants defeated when the thought suddenly occurred to me that I might look in at the nearest poolroom and invest a dollar or two just to keep my hand in the game. Billy Brand was in his glory at the old stand in West Broadway in those days, and as I was on Church street it was for me Billy Brand's. I was pretty late for the Saratoga races, but the cards were up for Hawthorne and the Fair Grounds, and as I always had a better line on the Western than on the Eastern tracks I was satisfied. The first race at St. Louis was almost off when I came into the room. It was a maiden scramble for two-year-olds with Miss Theresa a 2 to 5 favorite. There was nothing in it I particularly fancied but the favorite, and as I never gave the bookmakers odds back to the wall I lighted my cigar and waited for trouble."

"Seated beside me, a tall, thin, hollow-cheeked, wild-eyed young chap, with a face as white as a sheet, was clearly laboring under intense mental strain, and I could not for the life of me keep from watching him. He was evidently a loser, and a hard loser at that. Now, if there is one thing I despise it is a man who squirms when the shoe pinches, who goes into the game with an idea that he has to be a winner all the time, and who curses, cries, or trembles when his horse doesn't make good. But there was something in this man's face that made me pity him. He was taking a dry smoke, and the way he moved the cigar around in his mouth was a caution. Suddenly he turned to me and said: 'Who do you like in this?'"

"'Well,' I replied, slowly, 'the one I like is at a price that keeps me out; it's Miss Theresa.' 'Hasn't Dewey a chance?' he asked, in a hoarse whisper. 'Who?' said I. 'Albert F. Dewey? Oh, he has a chance, sure. They all have a chance if Theresa falls dead—otherwise, nay, nay.'"

"Just then the horses got away and the tick-a-tick-tick of the telegraph instrument sounded distinctly through the silenced room. 'Miss Theresa at a quarter, by two lengths,' sang out the operator; 'Deloraine second, Macate third, two lengths away.' So on to the stretch, with Miss Theresa simply romping along and Dewey getting never a call. But in the stretch he was running third, and I could see the tall chap's face light up. 'Miss Theresa wins easily, two lengths; Albert F. Dewey second, Deloraine third.' At the final call the young fellow seemed to collapse, and I caught hold of him, feeling sure that he was about to fall out of his chair."

"'Here, brace up,' said I. 'There are more races to come, and Dewey isn't the only horse on the turf. You'll win out next time.' He straightened himself convulsively and grasped my hand. 'You mean well,' said he, 'but I've got a single chance only left. God help me!'"

"'Oh, thought I, 'one of these cashier funkies, who's been touching the drawer with the usual intention of making good when luck ran his way and who sees nothing but ruin ahead of him now, poor devil!'"

"He seemed to divine my thoughts, for he drew himself away. 'It's not that,' said he, 'I'm a lunger.'"

"'Eh? What?' I exclaimed. 'I've got consumption,' he went on slowly, 'and got it pretty bad. Had to quit work a month ago and the doctor says I have only one chance in a thousand to live, and that is by going out to Arizona; but I can't afford it. This morning I had just \$100 in the world and I came up here determined to make a killing or jump into the North River. I had fifty on Dewey straight at 8 to 1. He was silent a moment, and then continued more rapidly: 'I know you think me a fool for trying to pick a lengthy winner, but favorites are no good to me at this stage of the game. I shall play my other fifty on a long one in the next St. Louis, and if I lose, then to the river.'"

"'I bit hard at my cigar and stared at the ceiling. I didn't know exactly what to say. The youngster was game, after all. Just then I felt a touch on my shoulder, and turning saw an old friend, a little man with a tiny white moustache and a face fairly beaming with good nature. 'Hello,' said I, 'how are you?' 'Hello yourself,' said he, 'can I speak to you a moment?'"

"'I excused myself to the consumptive and together we walked to the other side of the room, leaving the young man the very picture of despair. 'Well, Ned,' began my friend, 'how are they running?' 'Not running at all for me yet,' said I, 'and you?' 'Nothing doing to-day,' he replied. 'Just ran up to hear the races called. I'm taking a vacation and don't want the worry.' 'Sensible idea,' said I, 'but if you know anything, Charlie, I wish you'd trot it out. I'm a bit in the hole and I'd like to land a bet.' 'Well, Ned,' he answered, 'I think there's something real pleasant in the next St. Louis. In fact,' he added, looking around mysteriously, 'I'm very well informed that there is.'"

"'They had just hung up the card, giving the odds on the race, and I dived over to my consumptive acquaintance. 'Don't you make a bet,' said I, warningly, 'until I give you the word. I may have something coming.' He smiled at me in a helpless way, but remained where he was. Then I rejoined my friend, and together we strolled up to examine the card. The race was a six-furlong affair, for three-year-olds and up, and there were ten starters, the field being a pretty fair collection of dogs. La Mascotta had the call in the betting at 6 to 5. Diana Fosson was second choice and Innendo third. The others, at more or less long odds, included Ruby Riley, Wiggins, Percy R., Rodd, Will Fay and Ruv Blas."

"'Now,' said I, 'which is it?' 'See here,' he replied, 'you know as well as I do what a tip is worth. I got this one pretty straight in the morning, but as for myself there's nothing doing. Tips are uncertain as ladies' smiles. However, if you want it, you can have it. It's Percy R.'"

"'I looked up at the board again and saw 20 to 1 chalked against Percy's name. 'What's he been doing?' I inquired. 'Nothing, candidly, nothing, but it's muddy to-day, and his sire, Rataplan, was a perfect mud-eater, as you will recollect. Quiver, his dam, was somewhat of a ghost herself in the mud, but this fellow has been nowhere lately. Now let me give you a bit of advice; wait for second betting, he's bound to go up.'"

"'I thanked him and hurried over to the consumptive. 'Play Percy R.,' said I, 'if you have got to play at all, and play him across the board.' 'Nay, nay,' said he, 'I'm only betting straight to-day. It's do or die with me in sober earnest.'"

"'I didn't say anything more, but called my friend and quickly explained the state of affairs. Then we agreed to place the young chap's fifty between us in case Brand made any shout over taking a single fifty dollar bet on such a long one. Well, when the card came out again there was 50 to 1 on top against our pick. We hurried to the window with the money. I had a tenspot of my own mixed up with the roll. There was no trouble over placing the bets; indeed Brand gave me a stony laugh. 'Playing tips again, are you?' said he; 'that's a dead one all right, you can't worry me.'"

"'There was a little delay at the post, but finally they got off, well bunched, with the favorite in the lead. Then we moved to the door to hear the race called. 'Wiggins at the quarter by a nose,' was the first thing we heard. 'Innuendo second, La Mascotta third a nose away.' Tick-a-tick-tick, tick-a-tick. 'Same at the half. Innuendo at the five furlongs, Wiggins second a length away, La Mascotta third a nose away.'"

"The consumptive's face was suffused with a crimson tinge and his eyes were staring. I clasped his right hand to encourage the boy. Tick-a-tick went the infernal machine. 'In the stretch, Innuendo,' called the operator, 'La Mascotta second a head away, Terraline third.'"

"'It's over,' gasped the young man, 'let me go.' 'Not a bit of it,' said I; 'while there's life there's hope. Bet you the favorite won't be in the money.'"



Mr. Toronto—He's been snarling over that bone every morning for two years. I'm getting tired of it.

### Dickens' First Gold Watch.

FRANCIS JEFFREY DICKENS, third son of the novelist, came to Canada shortly after his father's death in 1870. He remained some time in Toronto, then went to the North-West, and in 1874 secured an appointment as inspector in the Mounted Police. During the North-West rebellion of 1885, it was reported in England that Inspector Dickens had been killed by Indians in an attack on Fort Pitt, of which he had charge. This, however, was not correct. He held his position in the Mounted Police until invalided from the service on March 1st, 1886, and died at Moline, Illinois, on June 11th of the same year. The first gold watch owned by Charles Dickens was in the



possession of Francis Jeffrey Dickens and was brought by him to Canada. Before going west he became acquainted with Mr. F. M. Midford of Toronto, and this acquaintance afterwards developed into a warm friendship. On his return to Toronto some years later, it came about one day that being in want of money, Dickens said he must sell the watch. Mr. Midford promptly declared his readiness to furnish the cash needed and his unwillingness to see such a relic pass into the hands of strangers. "It was my father's first gold watch," said Dickens "and I'd much rather see it yours, Midford, than a stranger's."

After the death of Mr. Midford in 1891, the Dickens watch passed to his sister, Mrs. Hadwin, from whom it was purchased by her brother, Mr. William Midford of the Methodist Book Room. The watch remained in Mr. William Midford's possession until last week, when Mr. E. S. Williamson became its owner.

The accompanying pictures of the watch are from photographs furnished by Mr. Williamson. There could be no more interesting personal memorial of a great man than the timepiece by which he regulated his labors, and which was so intimately associated with his daily life. Mr. Williamson is to be congratulated upon his good fortune in securing this watch for his unique collection of Dickensiana.

### The Canadian Polar Expedition.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH E. BERNIER of Quebec City, who will lecture in Massey Hall shortly, is probably one of the best fitted by training and physique to achieve his object of all who have aspired to reach the North Pole. He is an exceptionally powerful man, and never a day in his life has he been sick. His has been a sailor family for generations. His father, five uncles and his grandfather were all famous deep sea captains and St. Lawrence River ice pilots. In the present generation, the captain's full complement of ten cousins are also not only captains, but pilots likewise, every one. He himself is said to be the best and most widely known captain sailing from Montreal and Quebec. In almost every port of the world Captain Bernier's name stands for Canadian seamanship and bluff good-nature. The Mersey, the Bristol Channel, the Clyde, the Humber, the Port of London, and the ports of the Mediterranean are almost as familiar to this bold Canadian captain as the coasts of Quebec and the wharves of Montreal. The captain's first voyage found him at sea at the mature age of two years, nor did he go ashore again till five years later, when he was sent unwillingly to school. At twelve years he embarked again, and five years later was appointed master of the "St. Joseph" by Mr. Dunscombe, collector of customs at Quebec, and he crossed the Atlantic as full captain in 1860, being then only seventeen years of age. In those days no examinations were necessary, but in 1872, when the law compelling every master to hold a certificate came into force, the captain left his ship in Boston, came to Quebec and passed his examination with flying colors. His certificate numbers 93. There are now probably upwards of three thousand holders of captain's certificates in Canada, but of those first 93 masters the captain knows of not one left alive besides himself.

To recount Captain Bernier's voyages would require a book. Sailing vessels of all rigs and descriptions—schooners, brigs, barques, ships, steamers, river passenger boats on the St. Lawrence, tow boats, Government dredges, millionaires' yachts, have all at different times been under the captain's direction. When Mr. Tarte made his first inspection of the Canadian coast as Minister of Public Works, Captain Bernier acted as pilot and nautical adviser. It is needless to say Mr. Tarte is one of the warmest supporters of the Bernier expedition to the Pole.

In 1900 the captain raised the "Scottish King" from off the east shore of Newfoundland, which feat, unparalleled on that coast, has made the captain a man of note in the foggy island. He left Montreal in the "Petrel," a wrecking boat of two hundred tons, and came back master of the "Scottish King," 3,300 tons gross. "The 'Petrel' must have grown some," said the longshoremen of Montreal.

Captain Bernier's plan for reaching the Pole has been endorsed by the president of the Geographical Society of Great Britain, the Colonial Institute of London, England,

the Quebec Geographical Society, the Quebec and Montreal Boards of Trade, the Chambre de Commerce, and McGill University, Montreal, Laval University, Quebec, Canadian Institute, Toronto, the Land Surveyors' Association, Toronto, the Civil Engineers, the Astronomical Societies of both Toronto and Hamilton, the Royal Society of Canada, and a host of smaller societies. More significant is it that Dr. Nansen, the famous Norwegian, declares his own long drift in the ice proves the captain's theory is the correct one, while Rear-Admiral Melville of the United States, chief engineer on board the ill-fated "Jeanette," also sanctions the captain's plan, as do whalers, seal fishers, and Arctic navigators generally.

The expense of building and equipping the ship will amount to \$120,000, of which \$50,000 has been already promised.



### A Born Journalist.

A large strip of brightly colored ribbon in the young man's hatband was an unmistakable sign of his economic status. He must be a student at one of the ten or a dozen colleges of which this Queen City of the West is justly proud. The stories he had offered for my perusal were nevertheless quite impossible.

"First year?" I inquired.

"Yes," said he. "I'm what they call a freshman. Beastly undignified way, don't you think, of designating a fellow who was a prize winner at matriculation, and before that head boy of his High school, and leader of the best church choir in his town?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's all in the game, I guess. Anyway, you'll live through it, don't you think?"

"Indeed, sir, it doesn't bother me in the slightest—at least I don't let anyone see my annoyance. When they call 'Freshie' at me I simply stare at them blankly and ignore the remark."

"What are you going in for?" I ventured to ask.

"Medicine, law, or school teaching?"

"School teaching!" said he. "Well, I should say not. Why, there's no money in it for a man of ability. As for law and medicine, I have an aversion to them—they're so dry and mechanical, don't you know. I want something more romantic, more Bohemian, so I've chosen journalism for my vocation."

"Oh, journalism," I said; "very good! I've known a heap of journalists. So you think you will be one of those fellows?"

"Those fellows—why, you're one of them yourself, aren't you?" he asked.

"I was once," said I, "but that was long ago—so long ago I've almost forgotten what it felt like. Now, I'm simply a newspaperman. I've been a newspaperman, and a hard working one at that, for a good many years."

"Then you didn't succeed—did you?" he asked.

"Eh? Didn't succeed? No, I didn't succeed in being a journalist. I suppose, though, you've not the slightest doubt that it'll be smooth sailing for you?"

"I have some confidence in myself," said the student proudly.

"So I see," I observed. "It's a good thing. I hope you may always have as much."

"Well, really, you know," he answered, "I've had considerable success already. Why, I was correspondent for a whole year of the St. Albans 'Mercury' and I've had two poems and a story accepted in prize contests in the 'Parlor Monthly.'"

"Good for you, my boy," I exclaimed. "You're a born journalist, sure! Just as soon as you get through with this foolish degree business, I'll throw up this job for you if you'll kindly accept it. What do you say?"

"Really, it's awfully good of you. But I intend to be a magazine editor when I'm a journalist. I'll bring you in that essay on 'Browning as a Materialist' next week."

"Thanks, I'm just dying to see it," I said, as the young man picked up his rejected MSS. and, adjusting his spectacles, passed from the sanctum.

ASTERISK.

### Moral Threshing.

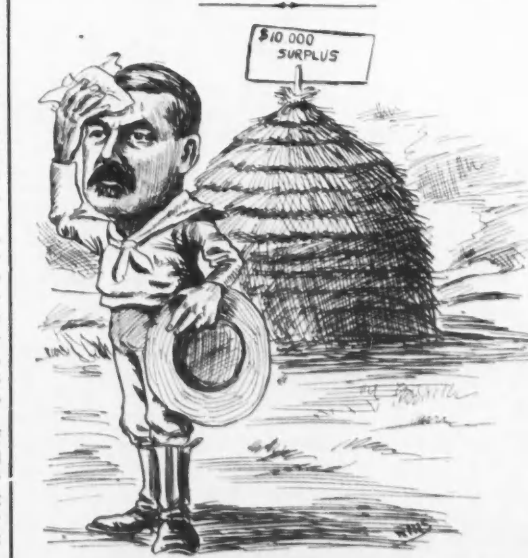
GENTLEMEN of the old time who in boyhood knew the pleasure of having the welts raised by Doctor Birch in the schoolroom supplemented by a dozen laid on by the paternal arm in the woodshed may be qualified to point out the superiority of the present solemn system of correction, as "Motherhood" outlines it.

"Bless me!" said Tommy's great-uncle. "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?"

"Never," replied Tommy. "We have moral suasion in our school."

"What's that?"

"Oh, we get 'kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in and made to write one word a thousand times, and scowled at and jawed at; and that's all."



W. K. McNaught (president of the Indu trial Exhibition)

—Well, for a new hand, I think I've raised a pretty fairish crop this year off the run-down old farm.



## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

## North German Lloyd

Regular express sailings to Naples and Genoa via Gibraltar. Nearly all outside rooms. Splendidly ventilated.

Sailings, rates, plans and full information—  
**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
72 Yonge St., Toronto

## AMERICAN LINE

NEW YORK—SOUTHAMPTON—LONDON  
Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.  
St. Louis.....Oct. 22 St. Paul.....Nov. 5  
Philadelphia.....Oct. 29 St. Louis.....Nov. 12

## RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK—ANTWERP—PARIS  
Sailing Saturdays 10 a.m.  
Kronland.....Oct. 18 Finland.....Nov. 1  
Zeeland.....Oct. 25 Kensington.....Nov. 8

International Navigation Company  
Piers 14 and 15, N.R. Office—73 Broadway, N.Y.  
Barlow Cumberland, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

**BERMUDA JAMAICA**  
**FLORIDA WEST INDIES**  
Send post-card for sailings and rates just issued.  
**BARLOW CUMBERLAND**  
72 Yonge St., Toronto

## ITALIAN ROYAL MAIL LINE.

New York and Mediterranean Ports.  
Splendid new steamships fitted with the very latest improvements. Weekly sailings.

R. M. MELVILLE, Can. Pass. Agent, Toronto  
New York Central Four Track Series.

A few copies of the New York Central Four Track Series may be had on application at their office, 69 1-2 Yonge street, where reliable information may be had concerning this great Four-Track Trunk Line.

## Anecdotal.

Bishop Wilberforce used to tell a story of a greedy clergyman who, when asked to say grace, looked anxiously to see if there were champagne glasses on the table. If there were, he began: "Bountiful Jehovah!" But if he saw only claret glasses, he said: "We are not worthy of the least of thy mercies."

A visitor asked the late James Tissot one day whether the picture he was at work on was intended to illustrate the time of Christ. The artist replied in the affirmative. "Then," said the visitor, "permit me to call your attention to an error. Aloes, such as you have in your picture, did not exist in the Mediterranean region till after the conquest of Mexico by Spain." Tissot promptly took his brush and altered the picture.

Some years ago a man in Alabama lost a dearly loved wife, and expressed his grief in these words, inscribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine eyes hath gone out." Within a year he married again. A friend of Bishop Wilmer, walking with him in the graveyard, asked what he thought of the propriety of the words since the new nuptials. "I think," said the Bishop, "the words 'But I have struck another match' should be added."

The Buffalo "Commercial" relates that an American woman, belonging to the nouveau riches, recently met an acquaintance on the deck of an outgoing steamer, and announced, with great éclat, that she was going abroad to have the dear girls (the two daughters) portraits painted. "Why not in America?" queried the acquaintance. "Oh, I've tried all the American artists in vain. Now we're going over to see what the old masters can do."

Mutual consent and mutual content are two very different things. A Yankee firm was dissolved by mutual consent, but the content was limited to the junior partner. A cloud of debts had been rising and settling for weeks before the partnership was dissolved, and the senior partner's sentiments may perhaps be gathered from a notice which he caused to be inserted in the local newspaper: "From this day forth there's no such a firm as Gregg & Palmer. Those that owe the firm may call on me as soon as they are ready, and those that the firm owes had better call on him as quick as they can."

"Punch," speaking of Canada as "the Great Misunderstood," tells an anecdote of a London "bus driver at Coronation time: The driver glared at a newspaper contents-bill which told of a train running off a bridge into a river and drowning fifty people. He turned to a passenger. "That'd make a fair bit of a splash!" he said. "W'dn't it? I should loike t' see 'em!" The passenger ventured that he had seen a whole train run into a river, as a result of heavy rains having weakened a bridge pier. "Where?" asked the "busman. "In Canada," was the colonial's reply. The driver gazed pensively at his horse's heads for a few seconds. Then he evidently decided that it behooved him to say something. "In Keneda! Ow, yus. W'en t' rines owt there in th' tropics it do rine, down t' it!"

The latest story of Scots character is the following: Donald's wife has fallen

## Place Cards

These dainty accessories add so much to the charm of a well appointed lunch or dinner, that few hostesses now think of neglecting them. Our stock will be found well assorted and contains many unique designs not to be had elsewhere. Prices range from 15c. to \$1.50 doz.

**THE BOOKSHOP**  
WM. TYRRELL & CO.,  
No. 8 KING STREET WEST

into the millpond. Archie goes to break the sad news to the widower, and, passing from the kailyard into the cottage door, impassively exclaims: "Kirsty's doon'd herself. They've jist the noo lifted her oot o' the mill-lade. The corp 'll be here in twa 'ree meenits." "O'd's sake, Archie," says Donald, "dinna gar me laugh, man. A've a chapit lip." For our part we prefer the older form of the story, where the undertaker dragged the widower forward to follow immediately behind the "corp." At the first opportunity the widower slunk back beside a sony lass. Sternly once more he was pulled forward. "That's your place, an' ye maun tak' it," said the undertaker. "Very weel!" answered the husband, "if ye insist; but you're spoilin' a' the pleasure o' the occasion."

During the winter of 1795-6, when Judge Samuel Chase was in Philadelphia, a Mr. Bingham gave a great dinner in his honor. The judge was placed on Mrs. Bingham's right hand, and coolly adjusted his spectacles to view the superb repast, which, unfortunately for him, had been prepared by a French cook. Having searched in vain for a familiar dish, he turned to his hostess and remarked: "A very pretty dinner, madam; but there is not a thing on your table I can eat." With her habitual presence of mind and urbanity, Mrs. Bingham enquired if she could procure anything more suitable to his taste. "A beefsteak or a piece of roast beef, madam," was the reply, "will please me better than anything else." A servant was called, and a word whispered in his ear, whereupon he vanished. Very soon he reappeared, bearing a dish of roast beef, which Chase attacked with vigor and appetite. Having finished, he turned to his hostess, and with a satisfied air exclaimed: "There, madam, I have made a sensible and excellent dinner, but no thanks to your French cook!"

There is an incident in "The Vultures" which recalls a very characteristic story told of Lord Beaconsfield at a critical time when Russia was threatening Constantinople, and British intervention was expected every hour. Reginald Cartoner, the English "vulture," or diplomat, representative of his government, is dining one evening at his club, when an old traveler remarks: "The world must be quiet indeed with you here in London, all the winter, eating your head off." "I am waiting," replied Cartoner. "What for?" "I do not know," he said, placidly continuing his dinner. In real life, it happened this way: Seated by the side of Lord Beaconsfield at the dinner table one evening during the Russian intimidation of Turkey, the hostess, a celebrated lady still alive, having discussed and settled the political situation of the moment, enquired of her distinguished guest in a thrilling whisper: "What are you going to do?" "I am waiting," quietly replied the Prime Minister of England. "What are you waiting for?" pressed his hostess. "I am waiting for you to pass the mustard," said Beaconsfield. And, like Cartoner, he placidly continued his dinner.

## Few People Realize

The Danger in That Common Disease, Catarrh.

Because catarrhal diseases are so common, and because catarrh is not rapidly fatal, people too often overlook and neglect it until some incurable ailment develops as a result of the neglect. The inflamed condition of the membrane of the nose and throat makes a fertile soil for the germs of Pneumonia and Consumption; in fact, catarrhal pneumonia and catarrhal consumption are the most common forms of these dreaded diseases which annually cause more than one quarter of the deaths in this country.

Remedies for catarrh are almost as numerous as catarrh sufferers, but very few have any actual merit as a cure, the only good derived being simply a temporary relief.

There is, however, a very effective remedy recently discovered which is rapidly becoming famous for its great value in relieving and permanently curing all forms of catarrhal diseases, whether located in the head, throat, lungs or stomach.

This new catarrh cure is principally composed of a gum derived from the Eucalyptus tree, and this gum possesses extraordinary healing and antiseptic properties. It is taken internally in the form of a lozenge or tablet, pleasant to the taste, and so harmless that little children take them with safety and benefit.

Eucalyptus oil and the bark are sometimes used, but are not so convenient nor so palatable as the gum.

Undoubtedly the best quality is found in Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which may be found in any drug store, and any catarrh sufferer who has tried douches, inhalers and liquid medicines will be surprised at the rapid improvement after a few days' use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, which are composed of the gum of the Eucalyptus tree, combined with other antiseptics which destroy the germs of catarrh in the blood and expel the catarrhal poison from the system.

Dr. Ramsdell, in speaking of Catarrh and its cure, says: "After many experiments I have given up the idea of curing catarrh by the use of inhalers, washes, salves or liquid medicines. I have always had the best results from Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, the red gum and other valuable antiseptics contained in these tablets make them, in my opinion, far superior to any of the numerous catarrh remedies so extensively advertised. The fact that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold in drug stores, under protection of a trade mark, should not prejudice conscientious physicians against them, because their undoubted merit and harmless character make them a remedy which every catarrh sufferer may use with perfect safety and the prospect of a permanent cure."

For colds in the head, for coughs, catarrhal deafness and catarrh of the stomach and liver, people who have tried them say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are a household necessity.

## Books and Books.

An author wrote a little book, Which started quite a quarrel; The folk who read it frowned on it, And said it was immoral.

They bade him write a proper screed. He said that he would try it. He did. They found no fault with it, And neither did they buy it.

—Washington Star.

Professor E. Masson of Victoria University has resumed his classes in French. Telephone, North 1648.



At the Railway Station.

A Good Story. Cambridge vs. Oxford.

"I WISH you every happiness," was the unexpected remark of a rattled friend who was "seeing off" a man the other day, as he embarked on a sad, hazardous and discouraging quest. We reviled the man as soon as the train was out of sight, but he whimsically maintained his ground. "Happiness doesn't come in the likeliest places," he said with a quaint smile. "I heard you all wishing a bride 'every happiness' one day lately, and I knew, if you didn't, that her chances of it are a good deal slimmer than his who has just gone. What if he's going to meet hard work and a mean place? Maybe he'll be happy enough," and so, gently humorous, observant and hopeful, the well-wisher went on his way. Sometimes, when one looks ahead and studies the lives of one's fellows, and remarks the changes adversity and prosperity make in them, the former ennobling, inspiring, transforming into heroic unsuspected gallant spirits, the latter enervating, hardening, cheapening, distorting well-earned folk into uneasy, aping, affected absurdities, one can scarcely help giving vent to a curious wish for all sorts of misery, instead of happiness, as a send-off of the very best and wisest nature. The curious part of my story is that the wish we all jested at has been fulfilled, and the journey so dreaded has turned out something in the nature of a triumph.

What a place full of memories a railroad station grows to be! I never pass the genial, portly old chap who guards the gate and find myself hurrying to the train that I am not haunted by the remembrance of other times of passing that way. I wonder if you who read have felt it. Sometimes I recall the bustle of looking after many pieces of baggage, the importance of holding five checks and paying excess rates, the tingling hunger for the sea, the longing for the sweet lands on its other side, the shocking unpatriotic delight to be gone, far from the big, half-made, wooden country. Again, a joyous, irresponsible, foolish time, when one's hat is harboring confetti, and one is conscious of having faithfully drunk the bride's health in the cup that certainly both cheers and inebriates. Everyone is laughing, running about, chaffing and at last cheering. Or, have you ever gone trembling and quaking at the back of that dread message flashed along the wire, "Come at once," feeling a dark shadow lengthening, coming toward you, and the pain already groping uncertainly for your heart. The good old portly guardian divines that something is wrong when folks pass him with compressed lips and straight-gazing eyes. Not then does his cheery "Off again?" roll out. He takes one's ticket silently and punches it gently, and only his keen, kind old eyes question and understand. Sometimes one foolish fellow for five cents, and hands it in with an eager look, when one is going down only to welcome or speed some dear and precious traveler. The jolly old guardian laughs and wishes you a pleasant voyage and a safe return. And you will remember those evenings when you went through by virtue of a special permission to send a last farewell to soldiers brave and young and true, and if such a memory haunts you, you will hear the rattle of arms and the tramp of feet and the hoarse martial music of the riot of cheers and songs as you step along the quiet corridor alone. But strongest and most insistent of all memories you may have, if you have ever gone through those doors and down those stairs, watching the saddest of all passengers, the quiet, majestic form, loosely covered in the ghastly black casket, with its pathetic ticket tacked to the lid, and its lonely corner in the baggage car, an unwelcome addition to the other boxes. Truly, a place of memories sweet and glad and sad is that little promenade from the railway station waiting-room to the train below.

Did "The Man from Glangarry" give you a taste for lumber jacks? Then read "The Blazed Trail" by Stewart Edward White. Such is the title of a tale of the lumber camps of Michigan, which I've been enjoying unusually to-day. There is enough description of the actual modus operandi to make one follow the lumbering business in detail, something the reader of to-day enjoys as much as the reader of yesterday loved the divine and delving into hidden impulses and motives and causes in the tiring books of the "problem" epoch which muddled some of the advanced years of the past century. The "strenuous life" has its fullest measure of actual "strenuousness," and the denouement is as realistic and contrary as the realest real life. There is a delightful atmosphere of the forest, primitive man and nature, that will delight many a reader, and the love-story is also exasperatingly natural, so far as it shows that in the strenuous life of a real man the softer emotions take a back seat. I like that sort of treatment of the emotions, for it's as rare in books as it is frequent in real life.

It's such an advantage to be located in a nice neighborhood, isn't it? To be central enough and secluded enough, and congenially set in the midst of interesting, pleasant people, superior residences, and well-kept roads and sidewalks. There are two cities which always illustrate that remark so perfectly—Oxford and Cambridge. For every one tourist who visits the Eastern seat of learning surely there are a hundred who go to see her Western sister, Cambridge is one of the way of the Shakespeare enthusiast, the Walter Scott devotee, the Reformation fanatic. All these go to Oxford and have its charm added to the romance of the adjacent country. But Cambridge stands by herself, with only the jewel of the fens, Ely Cathedral, near at hand to enhance interest. Oxford has started the great movements, but Cambridge has turned out the great men. After a week in Cambridge, my professor asked me hesitatingly which I preferred of these famous and fascinating cities, and for some occult reason I was fain to confess that the city on the Cam had won me. It is a little city, compared to the interest it arouses, and it comes over one in a subtle and gentle way, not arousing one to love at first

## W.A. Murray &amp; Co. Limited

No Special Literary Talent is Required to Win That \$1,000 Prize Offered by

*Dorothy Dodd*

A two hundred word article giving the best reasons why the "Dorothy Dodd" shoe is superior to all others, wins the first prize of \$1,000.00, then there are other prizes \$750.00, \$500.00, and so on down the list for the next best articles in their order of merit—43 prizes in all for women—To write intelligently, you will require to purchase a pair of "Dorothy Dodd" Shoes, and write your article on a blank which we will furnish at time of purchase—your article may be grouped under five headings:

- 1st. The style of a "Dorothy Dodd."
- 2nd. The fit of a "Dorothy Dodd."
- 3rd. Extreme lightness in weight of a "Dorothy Dodd."
- 4th. The arch supporting feature of a "Dorothy Dodd."
- 5th. The flexibility of a "Dorothy Dodd."

The best reasons—not fine writing win the prizes—don't aim so much to shine resplendent in the literary firmament, but do aim to tell naturally just in what respects you found the "Dorothy Dodd" shoe better than any other shoe you ever wore.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. 10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.

sight, like Oxford, but rather winning one to admiration imperceptibly. The very sweetest and most delightful hour of the week was one I spent slowly rowing, almost drifting, on the fair little stream that winds between the colleges and their parks, now kissing the very walls of Queen's like a canal in Venice, now softly lapping the green banks of Trinity Gardens, now gently purring under the quaint, beautiful "Bridge of Sighs" which joins old and new St. John's, or the various bridges that span it at short intervals, always quiet, gentle, benign, like Cambridge. They are neither the Radcliffe nor the Bodleian libraries that helped to make Oxford famous, but there is a queer, quaint old lot of books that are most interesting—Pepps' library, the only Pepps, who gave us the most glorious gossip extant. And there is the splendid modern FitzWilliam Museum and Art Gallery, in the heart of the town, where one can look at pictures in paint when one is overcast with pictures in stone. The glory of Cambridge Colleges is King's College Chapel—vast, lordly, magnificent, and would be surely a gorgeous sight on Scarlet Sunday, when the red-robed congregations (though I fear they congregate in an ordinary big city church). They tell one that Cromwell would have wrecked it, only being a Cambridge graduate, the reverence for Cambridge was too potent in him, and the splendid, spacious edifice, with its lovely windows and roof, sung by that grand student, John Milton, was spared. "King's, Queen's and Cats," irreverently remarks the professor as he, in cap and gown, floats along exuberantly past good St. Catherine's gate, and not until he reaches the first view of his own college does his face become illumined with that loyal, reverent love which goes well with the cap and gown. For, as one must have a water-baby to take one down the Thames, one must have a Cambridge man; not too young a one either, to take one through the colleges, halls and chapels, to row one on the fairy river, or sit beneath the huge trees, or stroll down the lovely avenues, and quads and gardens, and forget such a place as Oxford exists.

LADY GAY.

## Had Made His Will.

Fully Expecting to Die, Had Arranged all His Earthly Affairs.

How Death Was Disappointed by the Happy Restoration to Health and Strength of Mr. Teeny.

Summer, Assa., Oct. 20.—(Special.)—Mr. Louis Teeny of this place was so ill with inflammation of the bowels and kidneys that no one ever expected him to recover. All hope had been abandoned, and Mr. Teeny had made his will, fully expecting that he would die.

In the extremity Mr. Cosgrave, postmaster, thought of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and immediately gave Mr. Teeny a dose. This treatment was continued at intervals, with the result that in a very short time the man who was thought to be dying was on his feet and going around as if nothing had happened.

This remarkable cure of such an extreme case has created quite a sensation in the neighborhood, and many kind words are being said of Dodd's Kidney Pills for the wonderful work they did in Mr. Teeny's case.

This remedy has always been recognized among the people as a sure cure for Backache, Rheumatism and all Kidney Troubles, but this is the first case ever reported in this vicinity where they have been used with such quick results.

Mr. Teeny himself is very grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills for his happy restoration.

People in and about Summer have just about concluded that there is nothing in the way of sickness that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure, and there is scarcely a home to be found in the neighborhood that does not contain a box of this wonderful medicine.

Men, women and children are finding out every day some new virtues in it and it is very interesting to hear them get together and compare notes as to what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done in their various homes.

## Not a Half-Way Girl.

HE was in love with the girl, and wanted to marry her, but he was cautious, and didn't believe in the policy of putting all his fortunes to the touch, and then getting knocked out.

In other words, he didn't want to ask for what he wanted unless he saw some sign of its being in the shop. It's a wise thing to do, too, as some men have found out after they have asked. Thinking thus, he was talking to her.

"I'd like to know just what you think of me?" he said tentatively.

"Why?" she enquired with a rippling little laugh.

"Because it would help me in my business."

"Oh," she exclaimed.

"That's all right," he hastened to assure her, "I mean business."

"Really?" she twittered.

"Indeed, I do."

"What is your business?"

"To marry you if I can."

She was sitting in the window and he stood about four feet from her. She got up and looked him square in the face with a flash in her eye.

"Well," she said, half indignantly, "what do you expect me to do to help you?"

"I don't want you to encourage me only to turn me down," he said, hedging a bit. "In other words, I want you to meet me half way."

"Would that be of any assistance?" she asked wearily.

"I'd ask you on the spot," he responded with a great confidence.

"Well," she said, measuring the distance between them with her eye, "I am no half-way girl. I'd have you know, sir," and as his heart hope went down with a dull thud she cleared the intervening space and lit pump on his manly bosom.

## All in the Point of View.

He was wandering in Ireland and came upon a couple of men "in toils" rolling on the road. The man on top was pommeling the other within an inch of his life. The traveler intervened.

"It is an infernal shame to strike a man when he's down," said he.

"If you knew all the trouble I had to get him down," was the reply, "you wouldn't be talking like that."—Ex.

## An Organ Out of Order.

The manner in which a gang of forgers in Warsaw have been discovered and broken up makes curious reading. A domiciliary visit had to be paid by the police to a house, and on the arrival of the officers no opposition was offered to their entry. Inside one of the rooms, however, they found a man playing a cabinet organ, and all the time the visit lasted the man remained at the organ.

As they were about to leave the house the officer in charge of the police, being something of a musician himself, asked the performer to play the Russian National Hymn before they left. This the man did, but the officer was not pleased with the performance, and complained that the player did not put enough expression into the melody. The man explained that he was unable to do so, as the loud pedal arrangement of the organ

## Something About Furs

This store's Fur Section is rapidly becoming one of the most attractive departments of our business. Now, whether you study Furs from the view point of elegance or from the economical standpoint, you'll find here much to win your praise, no uncertainty either about the furs you buy here, for every garment which leaves the store carries with it our positive guarantee. We are creating quite a stir with some rarely handsome Stone Marten Scarfs which we are offering at special prices; here are the details:

A lovely dark Stone Marten Scarf, made from rich dark Stone Marten, four long ends trimmed with heads, tails and paws, regular \$22.50, special..... \$18.00

Handsome 4-in Stone Marten Scarf, lustrous rich dark fur, elegantly trimmed with heads, tails and paws, regular \$22.50, special..... \$27.50

A very elegant Trilby Scarf, 80 inches long, of rich dark Stone Marten, four long ends trimmed with heads, tails and paws, regular \$22.50, special..... \$35.00

How to

A PPEAR happy

Happiness

except at

is better to cheer

the door than to

If you have a

an account of it

ed. The reputa

powerful magne

following of frie

Wear an air of

even while a

bankruptcy law

creditors will

ing prospero

one of the me

to attain popul

Your jewels wa

must have a go

the real from

gens, but even

your back if y

pet cut.

When you co

about nothing

that indicate

ment or stron

and won't be

people. If you

without saying

in an effect

plenty of peo

among the frie

In short, the

more prospero

ressed you are

the more frien

even if Maria

How

An Interest

From the "Log

The readers

been familiar

Williams' Pink

authenticated

columns each

ers are also a

which have co

vation. This w

a letter from

Wallerston, a p

firm, in which

some other s

says: "Some

so greatly from

that I was for

any work. I

tain a cure,

and medicine

without obtai

Dr. Williams'

"Logberg" as b

and determin

bought a doz

nerves were u



He's His Own Grandfather.

"I KNOW of at least one curious case of intermarriage where a young man became his own grandfather," said a lawyer recently, "and it is rather a simple thing when you come to think of it. Father and son were living together in a secluded village. The old man was a widower. Not far from where they lived was a widow and her daughter. The old man wooed and won the daughter, and finally married her. In the meantime the son had been making soft speeches to the widow, and they were married about the same time. "The young man thus became the father-in-law of his own father, and yet his father's wife was his stepmother, but as he was his father's son his wife became the stepdaughter of her own child. "In course of time the children of the old man and the daughter became the grandchildren of the widow and the son. The sons and daughters of the son and the widow were brothers and sisters, by marriage, of the children thus born to the old man and the daughter. "The father's wife was the mother-in-law of her own mother, and her children, the brothers and sisters of her husband's son, who was also her mother's husband, not only made his wife his grandmother, but placed him in the position of being his own grandfather. "His father, becoming his son-in-law, his father's children, who were his brothers and sisters, became also his grandchildren, because they were the children of his wife's daughter. "The children of the two marriages became doubly step-brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces of each other. I never undertook to work the thing out any further than this, and, to tell the truth, I got mixed up every time I think about the matter, but it is enough for me that the son became his own grandfather."

How to be Popular.

APPEAR happy even if you are not. Happiness is never out of place except at funerals. Even then it is better to check it with your coat at the door than to leave it at home. If you have a stroke of luck see that an account of it is thoroughly circulated. The reputation of being lucky is a powerful magnet if you want a large following of friends. Wear an air of prosperity at all times. While awaiting yourself of the bankruptcy law. No one (except your creditors) will think less of you for looking prosperous at such a time. One of the most important requisites to attain popularity is to dress well. Your jewels may be imitation, but you must have a good tailor. Few can tell the real from the false in the matter of gems, but even a "Buttons" will sneer at your back if your coat has not the proper cut. When you converse let it be lightly about nothing in particular. Remarks that indicate deep thought, sincere sentiment or strong feeling are bad form and won't be tolerated by fashionable people. If you don't know how to talk without saying something, learn how to listen effectively. There are always plenty of people ready to be enrolled among the friends of a good listener. In short, the happier and luckier and more prosperous you seem, the better dressed you are, and the less you say, the more friends you will have. Francesca di Maria in "Life."

How Relief Came.

An Interesting Story From an Icelandic Settlement. From the "Logberg" Winnipeg, Man. The readers of "Logberg" have long been familiar with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through the well-authenticated cures published in these columns each week. Many of our readers are also able to vouch for cures which have come under their own observation. This week "Logberg" has received a letter from one of its readers, Mr. B. Waltherson, a prosperous farmer living at Bru, in which he gives his own experience in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer. Mr. Waltherson says: "Some years ago I was suffering so greatly from rheumatism in my limbs that I was for a long time unable to do any work. I tried in many ways to obtain a cure, both by patent medicine and medicine prescribed by doctors, but without obtaining any benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the 'Logberg' as being a cure for this trouble and determined to give it a trial. I bought a dozen boxes, and before half of them were used I felt a great change for the better. This improvement continued from day to day, and before I had used all the pills I was completely cured. Since that time I have never had an attack of this trouble. After this I used the pills in several other cases, and no other medicine has been so beneficial to me. I feel it my duty to publicly give testimony to the merits of this wonderful medicine, so others similarly afflicted may be led to try it." If you are weak or ailing; if your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

About the Size of It.

Leopold—Josephine, I'm goin' ter be a great musishien like Paderosker. Josephine—But, Leo, you never even seen a piano. How cud you play? Leopold—Don't need ter. All yer have ter do is have long hair ter run yer fingers through, then look sleepy-like, and bust a couple er keys.

The Light of the Age.

Incandescent gas lights are used all over the world where there is natural or artificial gas. They save at least 50 per cent. of gas, and give twice the light of the ordinary gas tip. G. & J. Murray, 224 Yonge street, have a full line of the incandescent goods. Lights from 35c to \$1. Use the Beacon Mantles, 25c each. Telephone Main 1121.

CORRESPONDENCE COUPON.

The above Coupon must accompany every Graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Californians.—A dominant and very commanding will, love of power and constant and determined purpose, concentration, but not very connected nor particularly logical thought; impulse is strong, and energy, pride, ambition and inspiration all duly set forth. There is marked ability and also originality suggested. Temper is good, and judgment even. Writer is communicative and apt to be "good company," has an enquiring and progressive mind. The sixth of September brings you well under Virgo, an Earth sign, and capable of great development. Should emotional expression be denied you, you can do without it, but not be quite content. No one could cast your horoscope without the exact hour of your birth being known to them. Helen Aya du Bois.—What a weird nom de guerre! It is certainly an original study, suggesting, among other things, a strong love of approbation, without the diplomacy required to please as much as you desire. There is great directness and candor of speech, some critical faculty, very practical and sensible nature, fair consistency with intermittent ambition, some culture, and a direct, positive and pleasant mode of expression. No "prim maiden lady" about you, but you might be more sympathetic and take life just a bit easier for yourself and others.

Suzan.—A pleasant, bright, perceptive and sympathetic person, very vivacious and energetic, but just a trifle liable to despond under trial. I know your good little river, and have no doubt you get lots of fun on it, winter or summer. You think deliberately and are conscientious, careful of details and pleasant in temper, easy in expression, and contented. I am glad that other one preserved her nationality, such as it is. We don't quite yet believe in ourselves enough, but really I've not heard the expressions you call "American" among educated people over there. Forboding.—While I should not like to counsel you to pay no attention at all to the warning, I'd strongly urge you not to brood over its terms. If you are to meet accident and trouble, you must apprehend time enough to grant over it when it comes. It's a weakness to dwell upon such prophecies, and properly balanced minds would not do so. You can get the treatment you enquire about at the Gertrude Graham rooms in Church street. Consult our advertisement, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. I could not undertake to decide which of the two teachers would be the better for you. If your voice be a light soprano, perhaps the first one would make the most of it. Thanks for appreciation. No one is "above acknowledging it."

Dummy.—I am so very sorry not to have been able to answer you at once. It was simply impossible. I hope you just answered the invitation without waiting. "Miss Dummy" accepts with pleasure and Mrs. S. is invited to be present at the marriage of their daughter, Miss —, and Mr. —, on the left hand lower corner of the sheet. Your writing is strong and honest, frank and modest, not very optimistic, but in fact you could, I am afraid, be easily misled. Much affection and a very dominant will are evidenced, with some imagination and a little practical bent. You will need quite a little experience to steady you down, straighten your impulse and generally pull you together. It's a good foundation for a fine development. I do feel sorry I was not in time to assist you. M.H.B.—There are indeed pleasant lines in your study. If I told you nice things because you deserved them. As to your capabilities in the nursing line, there are so many things to be considered. Are you strong and able for the hard work? Your writing shows much nervous energy, but not decided strength. The twenty-fourth of September brings you just into the October sign of "Libra," the scales. The Libra people are often restless, discontented and unhappy, variable in temperament, until they determine to gain peace and turn resolutely to one aim and object. When the scales balance evenly, they are comfortable and wonderfully strong and inspired. The element they belong to is "Air"—ill to bind or control. Some of my brightest "nurse" friends have been Libra people. They are not always robust.

Baba.—Just like you to wait for inspiration, for caution and a wholesome dislike to appear to disadvantage you in your own characteristics. You are ambitious, persistent, good-tempered, and with a good eye for detail; affectionate and fond of life's good things. You are adaptable, hopeful, and cheerful—(nice chota baba!)—and have an excellent grasp of the practical affairs of life. St. Clair.—There may be one thing you excel in, but don't for a moment believe that there is one thing you can do better than anyone else. If you don't know what that thing is! Your writing shows the love of power, the will and the ability to rule and dominate; it also shows some ambition, tenacity and constancy of purpose. It isn't only through conscious expression that we grow to be anything. We must be the thing before we express it. Sometimes "repression" is actually best for us. You're not the only one who spends a "weary watch," my girl. Prop your poor old eyelids up and keep going. That's what the rest of us have had to do! And always expect the morning. It's sure to come. Your writing is so firm and cultured and full of snap that I fancy I'm giving you advice you don't need. Write again. I do not indeed recognize the writing, but I recognize the type, and it's a first-rater.

August Apples.—The date of your birth brings you under the strong influence of Leo, the great fire sign, the grandest or the lowest of the lot, just as you choose to develop it. Three capitals and various fine ways are evident in your lines. Your desire is to please and be praised, and you are good at looking after number one. You don't lightly relinquish an aim or project, have a first-rate opinion of your own merits, which is largely justified, and should be a shrewd and somewhat impatient and acquisitive person. Your lines show reason and thought and your conclusions are generally sane and sound. There is suggestion of selfwill and, indeed, other things with self as a basis. Undoubtedly there is a good deal of cleverness in your ways. The Kid.—I. Cleverness of the cooking spoon and the needle is much appreciated these days, since to "play a little and sing a little" isn't considered serious enough. One must do those things well, or not at all, say the authorities. Be those others, cooking and needlework, sure you may, as you suggest, "go round with your nose in the air" if you excel. By the way, what element do you really carry your nose around in? 2. Your writing is forcible, aggressive and illogical, with uncured impulse and love of dominance. It is strongly material, rather generous and quite unconventional. What it needs is refinement and repression, "gentling" all over, so to speak, and I do not flatter

when I tell you it is well worth it. There is suggestion of splendid womanhood in it. Jamie.—I do not think it at all likely that King Edward will visit Canada. The papers speak cheerfully of his health. Let us hope what they say is correct, but I have ma doubts. Traveller.—Don't abuse Englishmen to me, my lady. I've just been finding out some of their splendid traits. You are generally planned and a very capable and clever woman; persistence, energy, enterprise, caution, practical purpose, and a rather conservative nature, are shown. You might see answer to Polly E. H. about May girls. There are a good many lines that recall her in your study, but you have the optimism she has lost or omitted to cultivate. You are very outspoken and perhaps unduly critical, but there isn't a spark of malice visible. Traveller, are you sure they were Englishmen?

The Value of Charcoal.

Few People Know How Useful It Is In Preserving Health and Beauty. Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better it is. It is a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system. Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh. All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey. The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some cases a patient preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Why London is Attractive.

THE attraction of London to the annual visitor, writes Chauncey M. Depew in a recent magazine article, is its cordial and charming hospitality. It is at the dinner table and in the drawing-room that London becomes the capital of the Old World. Social standing and place in precedence being so stable and known, hosts have no fear of impairing their position by having guests who are not in the smart set. In the season, the visitor will enough known to find hospitable doors opening to him every day; meets and talks with those who are famous in every field of human endeavor and distinction. This is possible in no other city or society. Statesmen, warriors, orators, writers, journalists, artists, actors, travelers, and representatives of other races and civilizations, all of whom for the time are in the eye or on the tongue of the world, pass in review. With many of them there is opportunity for conversation and that most fascinating of studies, the discovery or at least a suggestion of the secret of their success and power. I always return home feeling as if in the world's university I had met the workers who build and educate, and who are important factors in the culture, civilization and progress of their countries, or whose contributions to the thought or gaiety of nations make their lives and a valuable acquisition and enjoyable memory. It is delightful for a while to breathe an atmosphere where gigantic fortunes and titanic struggles to gain or



Headache.

Pain across the forehead or at back of head is dangerous. It slowly but surely weakens the intellectual powers, impairs the vitality and will. Headache is sometimes from the eyes but more frequently is caused by a disordered condition of the stomach and digestive organs. Do not suffer. The pain can be cured by the harmless remedy

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

It never loses its effect. Cures by driving out the poison, and does not simply deaden the pain as do so many preparations containing narcotics. Abbey's in the morning will make you well and keep you well.

enlarge them, which form so large a part of our daily reading and conversation, have no place in the programme.

A New Shakespeare Theory.

APROPOS of Marie Corelli's new book, an ingenious English literary man has worked out two "cryptograms" of Shakespeare's plays which throw a new and startling light on the true authorship of the immortal dramas. In the first one, note the third letter from the end of each line:

Ti M on  
The Winter's T A le  
Henry Fou R th  
Merchant of Ven I ce  
Macb E th

Titus Androni C us  
Love's Labor's L O st  
Taming of the Sh R ew  
The Temp E st  
Othe L lo  
Ham L et  
Much Ado About Noth I ng

In the second arrangement note the fourth letter from the end:

Ha M let  
Antony and Cleop A tra  
Comedy of Er R ors  
Henry the F I fth  
Oth E llo

Richard the Se C ond  
Venus and Ad On is  
Midsummer Night's D R eam  
Lear E dia  
Romeo and Ju L iet  
Cymbel Line  
Twelfth N ight

Chicago's Most Spectacular Alderman.

ALDERMAN "BATHHOUSE" JOHN COUGHLIN of Chicago, whose fame is nation-wide, has had a picturesque career. He sold newspapers and did "odd jobs" about town until he was old enough to become a "rubber" in a Turkish bath establishment. Thus he acquired his sobriquet. "Little did I think," he says, "recalling those days, 'I wuz one day to be a alderman, an' 'speicality of dis great ward, de home of me youthful dreams of ambition. But dey say Grant worked in a tannery, and Garfield drove mules. Ev'ry young American is entitled to his ambition and I ain't swelled." He saved his wages and tips, and one day bought a controlling interest in the establishment. He was now able to hire others to perform the onerous task of rubbing, and he devoted his leisure time to pronouncing the streets clad in wonderful sartorial outfits. His manner of dressing attracted attention, caused comment, and brought him that notoriety which later became the breath of his political life. In 1892 he was elected alderman of his ward, and since that time he has remained in the Council. To-day he possesses a fortune estimated at a quarter of a million dollars, resides in Michigan boulevard among the fashionable set, has banker and broker's offices in La Salle street, the Wall street of Chicago, and spends his summers at Saratoga and other watering-places, where society ignores but cannot suppress him.

STOP THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

A Giddy Thought

If, as scientists aver, the people of Mars have lived a million years longer than we have, of course they are much further advanced. One is made giddy with the thought of how much their society women probably spend in entertaining, or how much seats in their stock exchanges sell for.

**A Good Glass of Ale**  
is often a help in time of need—promotes appetite—induces sleep. Try the famous Bottled Ales of  
**Toronto Brewing Co.**  
Since St. Toronto

**Toronto Brewing Co.**  
Since St. Toronto

**Cosgrave**  
THE NAME  
SIGNIFIES  
**SUPERB ALE**  
INVIGORATING PORTER  
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

**COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.**  
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO  
And of all Licensed Holders  
Telephone Park 140

**Osteopathy.**  
JOHN ARTHUR E. REESOR, D.O.  
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.  
Office—Room 111, Confederation Life Building, cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts., Toronto, Ont.  
Hours—9 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 4 p.m.  
Consultation free.

Now What?

Only just another reminder that if you are really anxious to get the very best and purest Tea grown

**"SALADA"**  
"GOLD LABEL" CEYLON TEA IS "SUPREME."  
SEALED LEAD PACKETS ONLY 60c. PER POUND.

NEVER FAILS  
Established 28 Years.  
HAVE YOU A COUGH?  
A Dose Will Relieve It.  
HAVE YOU A COLD?  
A Dose at Bedtime Will Remove It.  
BE SURE YOU ASK FOR  
**Owbridge's Lung Tonic**  
AND SEE YOU GET IT.  
TRY IT ALSO FOR  
BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA,  
WHOOPIING-COUGH, CONSUMPTION  
PREPARED BY  
W. T. Owbridge, Hull, England  
Sold by all Druggists.  
50c and \$1.  
COPYRIGHT.

**Corticelli**  
SPOOL SILK  
The Strong to Break  
Spool Silk for dressmaking and family sewing, is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal. Corticelli Silk runs smoothly in the needle; it is always even in size and always full length and full strength. Ask for "Corticelli" Sewing Silk and refuse all substitutes.

**Corticelli**  
WASH SILKS are put up in patent holders, which prevents waste by tangles or soiling; keeps each shade separate and automatically measures a correct needleful. It is recommended as the only proper way to put up filo and floss silks, and used by art societies everywhere.  
**Skirt Protector**  
is of firm and even texture. When soiled a sponge or brush makes it clean again, and no damage done. It has peculiar wearing qualities and perfectly straight sevice.  
For sale everywhere.

**Carling's Ale**  
A Beverage of Quality  
"The ale that's always good."

**COAL AND WOOD**  
**ROGERS COAL**  
THE VERY BEST  
HEAD OFFICE 20 KING ST. WEST  
TORONTO  
The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited  
90 King Street West.  
415 Yonge Street.  
193 Yonge Street.  
576 Queen Street West.  
1359 Queen Street West.  
201 Wellesley Street.  
305 Queen Street East.  
415 Spadina Avenue.  
Esplanade Street, near Berkeley Street.  
Esplanade, foot of West Market Street.  
Bathurst Street, nearly opposite Front St.  
Pape and G.T.R. Crossing.  
1151 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing.



"Etude in Concert," a prelude and polonaise by Chopin, and the Liszt transcription of the "Spinning Song" from the "Flying Dutchman." Miss Hicks gave a vigorous interpretation of the Beethoven movement, producing a strong volume of tone from her instrument, and sustaining the fire of the music well to the end. The Schumann number was very smoothly played and with a good singing de-

A musical event of the season will undoubtedly be the appearance in Massey Hall of the Mascagni Italian Opera Company, on the afternoon and the evening of the 30th inst. The storm and stress of the composer's early life, and his sudden lifting from obscurity to a pinnacle of fame by the unexpected success of his strenuous opera, "Cavalleria

Major Shattuck of the United States Signal Corps tells an amusing story of an old-time "religious revival" meeting at a negro church near Savannah. In order that the revival spirit might be quickened, it was arranged that the preacher should give a signal when he thought the excitement was highest, and from the attic through a hole cut in the ceiling directly over the pulpit, the sexton was to snuff down a pure white dove, whose flight around the church and over the heads of the audience was expected to have an inspiring effect, and as far as emotional excitement was concerned, to cap the climax. All went well; the effort was successful; the preacher's sermon was well received; the dove, and as he piled up his eloquent periods the excitement was strong. The opportune moment arrived—the sig-

**GEO. D. ATKINSON**  
Teacher of Piano and Organ Playing  
Toronto College of Music and St. Andrew  
College. Organist and Choirmaster West  
Methodist Church. 112 Herbord Street

**MR. and Mrs. ALFRED JURY**  
TEACHERS OF SINGING  
Tone placement and development of voice according to scientific principles—a special

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON,  
Lady Principal  
GEORGE DICKSON, M.A.,

and  
pal.



## POSITION WANTED AS HOUSEKEEPER

Position wanted as house-keeper. Splendid references.

MRS. BURGESS,  
268 CLINTON STREET.

## The Lake Shore Parlors

situated at Sunnyside, have the finest ballroom in or about Toronto. In connection is a beautiful banquet hall, smoking room, check room, and every possible convenience.

MRS. MEYER, Proprietress,  
SUNNYSIDE.

INSTEAD OF WEARING VERY VALUABLE JEWELS, LADIES OFTEN HAVE THEM DUPLICATED, AND THE REAL GEMS STORED, THUS PROTECTING THEM FROM FIRE AND THEFT.

WE HAVE THE DUPLICATES PERFECT, PURE, BEAUTIFUL AND INEXPENSIVE. YOU SAVE THE STORAGE AND INSURANCE.

THE Hope Diamond Co.  
105 YONGE STREET

OUR QUARTER GRAND is the smallest and most perfect Piano made. The Chickering has been first for seventy-eight years. It's first now. Because of best material used, and skilled workmanship. A Chickering Piano will be a life-long companion. We are sole agents. H. W. BURNEIT & CO., 9-11 Queen St. E.

## Tailored Shirt Waists

Perfect fitting tailored Shirt Waists in severely plain designs is the latest New York creation. To be artistic these must be perfect in cut, fit and finish.

Creation Parfait

Ladies' reception and fitting parlors at

11-12 RICHMOND STREET WEST,  
TORONTO.

Mail orders filled. Send for our system of complete measurement.  
Tel—Main 175. M. FRANKLIN

## Misses Armstrong & Anderson

MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING

HAVE REMOVED

From No. 41 to their new premises

No. 58 KING ST. WEST

North side, just west of The "Mail" Building.

High-Class

Costuming and Millinery

MDE. JOAN BISHOP

MISS ALEXANDER

406 and 408 Yonge St. Tel.—Main 3077.

MAINTENANCE

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

PAINTING

## Social and Personal.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Scrip- ture, at 70 Close avenue, was the scene of a quiet and pretty post-nuptial reception on Tuesday afternoon and evening, 14th inst., when Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Misener were at home to many of the prominent citizens of Parkdale and many members of Victoria College circles, including Professor Lang and Professor Langford. Mr. Misener occupies the position of lecturer in Oriental at Victoria University, while Mrs. Misener is a graduate of the institution in the arts class of '90. The house was seasonably and beautifully decorated with flowers, vines and autumn leaves, while the table in the refreshment-room bore a lovely bunch of pink roses. Mrs. Misener was gowned in cream voile over taffeta, with chiffon lace trimming. Miss Gould of Parkdale, who assisted in the drawing-room, was beautifully dressed in white chiffon over taffeta, with delicate lace trimmings. Mrs. Presant, Mrs. Emmory, Miss Mountain, Miss Ruby Smith, and Miss Dowler contributed very materially to the enjoyment of the evening. Refreshments were tastefully served by Miss Gould of Port Hope, Miss E. M. Graham, Miss Mountain and Miss S. A. Chown. Miss Gould of Colborne, sister of Mrs. Misener, presided at the coffee urn.

Miss Boulton of Iver House is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Harmon Vedder (nee Boulton). Mrs. Brock and Miss Gertrude Brock have returned from England to their home in Queen's Park. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hutchins are residing in upper St. George street, No. 282, where Mrs. Hutchins will receive during the season.

Friends of Dr. and Mrs. Percy Vivien of Barrie were interested in noting the visit of the stork to their house on Thanksgiving Day, with the gift of a son and heir.

Dr. and Mrs. Farncombe and their two little ones are visiting Mrs. Farncombe's mother, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, at her home in Bedford road.

Mrs. Barrington Nevitt is giving a tea next Wednesday in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Nevitt, of Georgia, who has spent the summer in Toronto.

On next Wednesday that charming Berliner, Miss Florence Katherine Ross, is to be married to Mr. Harvey Sims. Her Toronto friends will send her many good wishes.

Mrs. H. F. Ellis and the Misses Ellis are settled at No. 112 Yorkville avenue.

Mrs. Arthur Ross, who is now the guest of Lady MacMillan at Government House, Winnipeg, will spend the winter in Toronto with friends in Madison avenue.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones of Llaw- baden returned from England this week.

Major and Mrs. Charles Selwyn and Mrs. Walter S. Lee sailed from England to India last Saturday. I hear Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Selwyn have the intention of paying Toronto a visit next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roaf are boarding this winter at Surrey Villa. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lee of Church street have removed some time since to 80 Bloor street west.

A better pleased audience never sat in the Princess than that of Tuesday evening, when Mr. Willard played the swindler to their delight and satisfaction. "The Rogue's Comedy" is a most fetching play, which would crowd the theater for a week. I believe a great lady wrote to Mr. Willard last year, begging him to play it then, but it was impossible. However, the star gave his friends the great impersonation in perfect style this time, and the city was charmed. There was a fine representative lot of people in the theater on Tuesday, and every hit in the play told. Many a grande dame sympathized with the dowager who considered gambling clever when she won and immoral when she lost. As for Willard, the swindler, tempter, rascal, he gave those who know him personally, or in his thoughtful, dignified impersonations, a jar akin to that felt by personal friends who saw Irene Vanbrugh play Sophy Palmgren, the vulgar little manipulator. They each did it so perfectly that one could scarcely forgive them! A better tribute to genius could scarcely be imagined.

The Victoria Club ball last evening opened the season most merrily. I hope to give a full account of the festivity next week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Van der Vort of Belleville have taken rooms at the Elliott House for the winter, where Mrs. Van der Vort will be at home on the first and third Mondays.

Mrs. Edwin G. C. Sinclair will receive on the first and fourth Thursdays of each month at her home in Borden street.

The following guests are registered at the Welland, St. Catharines: Mr. J. H. Thompson of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Marlett of Oakville, Mr. Hugh Scott, Mr. Joseph Walmesley of Toronto, Mrs. Conally of Dunnville, Miss K. Stewart, Mrs. Percival Bidout of Toronto, Miss Violet Hume of Woodstock, Miss Gray of Toronto, Mrs. Hamilton of Ottawa, Mrs. Kerwan Martin of Hamilton, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mr. Bretnay R. O'Reilly of Toronto, Mrs. Henry M. Foulds, Miss Louise Foulds of Hastings.

Mrs. James H. Spence (nee Hackland) will receive for the first time since her marriage on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, October 30, at her home, 131 Rose avenue.

Mrs. Emil Nerlich will receive for the first time since her marriage and arrival from Germany at her new home, No. 10 Dunbar road, Rosedale, on Monday afternoon, October 27.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, 118 Mutual street, when Miss Jean Kerr, third daughter of the late John Kerr, was married to Thomas Kerr, M.D. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Parsons, assisted by the Rev. Alex. Easer. Dr. and Mrs. Kerr left for a trip to Washington, D.C., and other American cities. On their return they will reside at 667 Dovercourt road.



Jim Dumps had scarcely slept a wink. All night he'd toss about and think. But that's all past—he'll ne'er endure insomnia. He's found a cure! 'Tis "Force." At night when lights are dim it soothes the nerves of "Sunny Jim."

# "FORCE"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

makes one chummy  
with good sleep.

Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

Wouldn't Believe at First.

"I wouldn't believe it till I tried it, but 'Force' is a cure for insomnia. I used to stay awake night after night. Now I eat a big bowlful of 'Force' just before going to bed, and sleep and I have become good friends again."

(Name furnished on application.)

The  
True  
Odor  
of  
Fresh  
Violets

**Taylor's**  
*Valley Violet*  
**Perfume**  
John Taylor & Co. Toronto Canada

Ask  
Your  
Drug-  
gist  
for  
It

## Lovers of the Antique

They find a feast of good things at B. M. & T. Jenkins. We have just the things in furniture that mark the difference between a commonly furnished and a cleverly furnished home.

Fine Old Colonial Furniture

Old China—Old Pewter—Old Copper

Curious Old Brass

Rare old Chippendale pieces, in chairs, tables, sideboards, settees, secretaries—in all, the most unusual and satisfying collection on the continent.

## B. M. & T. JENKINS

422-424 YONGE STREET

Phone—Main 1275. TORONTO, ONT.

BRANCHES—Montreal, London and Birmingham.

The Royal Crest Dressing is unequalled for furniture, pianos or woodwork of any kind. We recommend it.

## SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

Cures Indigestion  
and Constipation.

"I have been in constant use of your Shredded Wheat Biscuit for four months. I cannot speak all that is to be said in its behalf in this letter. It constitutes at least 30 per cent. of my food. It has cured Indigestion and Constipation. It seems to satisfy the appetite and to take the place of meats and other articles of food heretofore used. I believe there is nothing that will equal it for persons inclined to indigestion and constipation."

L. B. PORTER,  
Denver, Colorado.

## SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

For Sale by all Grocers

## SAMUEL MAY & CO BILLIARD TABLES

Ivory Billiard and Pool Balls. Bonzoline Billiard and Pool Balls. Chemical Ivory Billiard and Pool Balls. Billiard Cues—Plain and Fancy. Billiard Pocket Handles and Nets. Superior and Quick Acting Billiard Cushions. IMPORTERS OF Fine West of England and Simonis Billiard Cloths. French Cue Leathers. Green and White Chalk, &c. Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

74 YORK ST., TORONTO.

## Painting

I do any kind of painting that can be done in the very best way and at the lowest prices consistent with honest work. Graining and decorating, too. The latter is my specialty, and if you will entrust your next order to me I will give you satisfaction.

PHONES: Office—3677 Home—3775  
JAMES J. O'HEARN  
161 QUEEN ST. WEST

Dr. Harold Clark  
HAS REMOVED  
From 45 King Street West to  
THE TEMPLE BUILDING

## SHEA'S THEATER

WEEK OCT. 27

MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25c. EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50c.

A FAMOUS OPERATIC STAR

MARY LINCK

Lyric Contralto of the Bostonians.

JULES & ELLA GARRISON

In a Hit of Nonsense.

THE ERETTO FAMILY

In Wonderful Gymnastic Feats.

ROSA NAYNOR'S BIRDS

A Marvellous Feathered Tribe.

BERT SHEPARD

The American Comedian.

THE KINETOGRAPH

Showing "The Trip to the Moon."

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

FRANK KEENAN

In a High Class Monologue.

SUBSCRIBERS' LIST

New Open at the Conservatory of Music

College Street, for

5 STRING QUARTET CONCERTS

First Concert November 6th

Tickets for the course, \$2.50. Mrs. Adamson,

1st violin; Miss Adamson, 2nd violin; Miss

Lena Hayes, viola; Mr. H. S. Saunders, cello.

Massey Music Hall

THURSDAY

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

OCT. 30

The Most Historic Episode in Canadian Music Annals

Mascagni

AFTERNOON—

Grand Concert of Mascagni's Masterpieces (by request.)

EVENING—

"ZANETTO" and "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA"

Grand Orchestra of 70. Full Chorus. Great Principals. Complete Scenery and Costumes. 175 People.

Reserved Seats, Evening—\$4.00, \$3.00, \$2.00. Admission \$1.50, \$1.00.

Afternoon—Reserved Seats, \$1, \$2, \$3.

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B.E.

Dramatic and Humorous Recitals

Teacher of Elocution and Dramatic Art.

300 Wilton Avenue, Toronto.

5 KING ST. EAST. OPEN UNTIL 10 p.m.

## Renfrew's Furs

ALASKA SABLE BOAS FROM \$7.50 to \$17.00

Special Line at \$8.50

ALASKA SABLE MUFFS FROM \$7.50 to \$12.00

Special Line at \$8.00

FURS BY MAIL—If you will send your order by mail we can serve you as well as though you stood in our Show-Rooms. Catalogue and Price-List sent on application.

## Holt, Renfrew & Co.

Furriers to Their Royal Highnesses Queen Alexandra and Prince of Wales.

TORONTO and QUEBEC

## PRINCESS THEATER WEEK OCT. 27

MATINEES—WED. AND SAT.

The Whitney Opera Co.

Presenting the New and Spectacular Military Opera by Stange & Edwards (authors of "Dolly Varden.")

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

HOMER LIND, WM. G. STEWART, LUCILLE SAUNDERS, MARIE LAMBERT, ALBERT MCGUIN, WILL H. BRAY, ZETTY KENNEDY, BERTHA DARREL, GEORGE BAKER, MAURICE D'ARCY, THELMA FAIR, JULIA GIFFORD, W. H. THOMPSON, ALGERNON ASHLAND, ALBERT HOLBROOK, WM. MCQUINN.

250 PEOPLE IN THE ENTIRETY 250

MUSKOKA SCENERY

IN OILS ON SATIN. MOUNTED IN A NEW STYLE. ARTISTIC AND DAINTY. Size 7 1/2 x 9 1/2.

Special Price—35c. each, 2 for 60c., or 4 for \$1. Prepaid. Send to-day for descriptive circular with names of scenes.

JAS. R. DAY & CO., Box 516, Orillia, Ont.

DR. C. J. RODGERS DENTIST

144 Yonge Street Over B. & H. B. Kent's.

DR. C. J. RODGERS DENTIST

144 Yonge Street Over B. & H. B. Kent's.

DR. C. J. RODGERS DENTIST

144 Yonge Street Over B. & H. B. Kent's.

DR. C. J. RODGERS DENTIST

144 Yonge Street Over B. & H. B. Kent's.



## SCORE'S



**Business Suits** The prevailing fashion is for the medium style in Sack Suits and the single breasted is in greater favor. The materials may be either serge, an undying favorite, or one of the almost innumerable effects in English and Scotch fancy tweeds. Special Lines—\$22.50 and \$25.00

77 King Street West, Toronto

(The Standard Piano Player)

# PIANOLA

## Piano-mastery

If one could suddenly be provided with the ability to play the Piano perfectly, and to retain this ability without the necessity of constant practice, would not one gladly pay \$275?

### The Pianola

Will provide this wonderful ability. It will give to anyone absolute control over the Piano.

The Pianola is a triumph of mechanism in that it provides a means for doing that which has always been considered impossible.

The Pianola, by means of a very clever and scientific system of pneumatics, provides the technique for any given selection, and also provides simple means for producing whatever of temperamental control of the expression the taste of the player may dictate.

The Pianola will enable anyone, without having to go through the drudgery of acquiring technique, to play the piano with all the modulations of tempo, the delicacy and variety of touch, and with the subtle phrasing of a master.

The Pianola's repertoire at present consists of 7,931 selections, and new numbers to the amount of 200 are added every month. This music, representing the entire pianoforte literature of the world, from Bach, Beethoven and Wagner, to Sousa's marches, cakewalks and two-steps, is available through the circulating library.

Is it not worth while to consider the advisability of owning a Pianola yourself? The fear or opinion that it is capable of producing only mechanical music should not deter you from INVESTIGATING the Pianola. The greatest pianists have passed judgment on this point, pronouncing the Pianola artistic in the true sense of the word.

Visitors Welcome. Catalogue upon request.

PRICE \$275.

May be purchased by partial payments.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited  
32 King Street West, Toronto

### Social and Personal.

Dr. Doolittle sails for England by the "Lusitania" on Saturday.

Mrs. John M. Godfrey, 174 Pearson avenue, will receive on the second and fourth Thursdays, instead of Wednesdays, as formerly.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan are leaving for Rat Portage on Monday.

Mrs. A. E. Kemp has issued invitations to a housewarming tea on an early afternoon in November. Maps of Rosedale with the route to Castle Frank marked in red accompany the cards.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Kormann took place on Tuesday morning from the family residence, Bloor street east, to St. Basil's church and thence to St. Michael's cemetery. The pall-bearers were the four sons of the deceased, Francis, Harry, Joseph and John Kormann, and her two sons-in-law, J. C. Walsh of Montreal and Arthur W. Holmes. The floral tributes were unusually numerous and elaborate. In attendance at the funeral were the deceased's three brothers from Guelph, Messrs. Jacob, Andrew and John Goetz; her sister, Miss Theresa Goetz, from Arthur, and Mr. Michael Kormann of Elora.

St. Paul's Church, Uffington, Muskoka, was the scene of a pretty little wedding at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, when Mr. Richard Hoskin of Toronto was mar-

ried to Miss Ida Emma Adamson, daughter of Mr. H. Adamson, late of Whitby. The Rev. G. Gander performed the ceremony, the organist and choir furnishing suitable nuptial music. The bride was given away by her father. Mr. W. Clark of Greenwood was best man. After the ceremony the wedding party returned to the residence of Mr. Adamson, where a sumptuous breakfast was provided. Among the very handsome presents were several from their Toronto friends, from whom they will meet with a hearty reception on their return to reside in this city.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 15, at 286 Simcoe street, the home of her brother, Mr. John Cornell, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Olive Cornell to Mr. William M. Bowie of Montreal, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Armstrong Black of St. Andrew's Church. Miss Jeanette Cornell was maid of honor and Mr. Clarence Farr was groomsmen. The bride wore a tall, hat-made gown of navy blue lady's cloth, with hat to match. The many handsome presents the bride received testified in no small way to her popularity. As a souvenir of the happy event the groom gave to the maid of honor a beautiful pearl ring, and to the groomsmen a handsome watch. Mr. and Mrs. Bowie left on the American cities, after which they will reside in Bishop street, Montreal.

### Quite Thrilling!

An artist says that nothing is more

## Correct Traveling and Leather Goods

...For MEN and WOMEN

Our goods are the result of years of effort to secure perfection. None but absolutely reliable qualities are sold by us—the range of prices is as broad as the variety of styles—and at each price you may be sure of buying the best goods the market offers.



## Suit Cases

Our Suit Cases are of the finest leather and workmanship and the smartest treatment—become respectable with use and never shabby. Case illustrated is No. 719—24 inches long, made in Olive Brown and Russet Leather, full leather lined and double locks.

Price, \$9.00

Delivered to any express office in Ontario.

Other lines from \$4.50 to \$17.00.

The Julian Sale  
Leather Goods Co. Limited  
105 KING ST. WEST.

tiesome in his profession than to have somebody with an untrained eye pick out a commonplace bit of landscape and say: "There, you ought to make a picture of that!"

Writers often have to endure the same dull commonplace. "Now, don't you put me in a book," jocosely counsels some dull person who would figure ill in print. Or another patronizingly remarks:

"I've made notes of a good many things I mean to write up some time. I don't use them, I'll give them to you." Such material is likely to be of the sort contributed by an old guide, who said to a scribbling camper: "I could give you some stories that would make your hair stand on end."

"Good for you! Give us one now." "Well, here's the best of 'em. One day I went out about nine o'clock in the mornin' an' I shot a cinnamon b'ar."

"Is that all?" "No, sir! Next mornin' I went out about the same time, an' I shot another cinnamon b'ar."

"Well, sir, next mornin' I went out an' shot another cinnamon b'ar." "Is that all?" "All? I guess 'tis! Ain't that enough?"

### Holy Trinity Anniversary.

The fifty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of the Church of the Holy Trinity will be celebrated on Monday evening, October 27, at 8 o'clock. Choral evening will be rendered, the preacher being Rev. Canon Welch, rector of St. James'. The large male choir of the church, under the direction of the organist and choirmaster, Mr. A. R. Blackburn, will sing Macfarren's "A Day in Thy Courts" and Handel's chorus, "And the Glory of the Lord" ("Messiah"). During the offertory a "cello solo" will be played by Mr. Paul Hahn. An interesting feature of the service will be the unveiling of a memorial tablet erected to the memory of the late Dr. Scadding, first incumbent of the parish.

### His Secret.

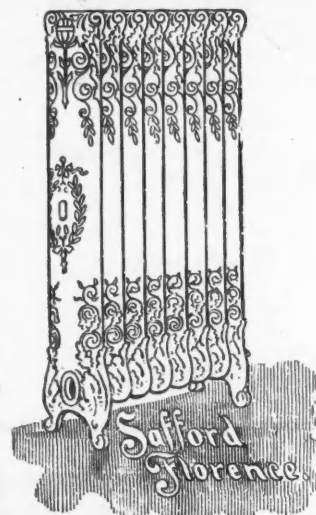
Student—How would you advise me to go about collecting a library? Professor—Well, I'll tell you how I managed it. When I was young I bought books and lent them. Now I borrow books and keep them.

### A "Tip" For Canadians.

Our having called attention to the fact that billiard-playing by amateurs has, for temporary reasons, fallen off a little in France, violent exercise having come into vogue there among the young, inspires the New York "Sun" of October 5 thus to "rise to the occasion": "Somebody has discovered that people

## There's Only One Radiator

# "The Safford"



Perfect in Castings

Screw Nipple Joints

No Bolts

No Rods

No Packing

Tested to 140 lbs.

Pressure

WRITE TO US FOR BOOKLET ON HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING.

## The Dominion Radiator Co.

LIMITED

Head Office and Works: Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

## Comfort Joins Hands With Economy...



A combination of Comfort and Economy—that is what you call our combination system of heating in which we use our

## "Economy"

Combination Heater. It is a heater that combines a Hot Water and Warm Air, or a Steam and Warm Air, System. It is the best of its kind on the market.

Works steadily and burns little coal. You don't experiment when you buy it because it is guaranteed by every happy possessor. Write for a new booklet on the Combination System.

J. F. PEASE FURNACE CO., Limited  
189-193 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO.

in France are not playing billiards so much as they did formerly. Over this announcement has arisen a lamentation. Physicians have joined in it, as well as lay admirers of the game. They declare that falling-off in play would be a misfortune from a sanitary point of view. "The game, they say, gives just the exercise they need to a great number of people who without it would take no exercise at all. While involving no severe physical exertion, it keeps the muscles in shape, stimulates the circulation, helps the digestion, and requires just enough mental effort to give the nervous system a rest from the ordinary worries of life. In proof of all of which they cite the good spirits usually exhibited about a billiard-table.

### Spectacle Making at Potter's.

Potter's is not merely a place where spectacles and eyeglasses and similar goods are to be found for sale. There is, in fact, on the premises the only optical workshop belonging to the retail trade of Toronto. The late Mr. Potter, some forty or fifty years ago, opened the shop, and the present proprietor has modernized it, and is constantly seeking to improve its methods and machinery. Spectacle-making absorbs the chief energies of the house, and the very greatest care is taken to do this work well and faithfully. The most difficult oculists' prescriptions for glasses are made up here—rare lens combinations in spherical, cylindrical and prismatic forms are produced by skillful work-people; glasses of complex curvatures are matched and duplicated, and generally all the nice problems incident to high-class optical work are considered and wrought out in glass and metal on the premises.

In former announcements attention was directed to the machinery installed within the past year for this work. The surface grinding plant continues to give the best of service, and the automatic edging machine affords graceful and matchless contours for the rimless lenses, now in so much vogue for spectacles and pince-nez.

Charles Potter, 85 Yonge street, Toronto.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

Ruby—In New York City, on Oct. 17, the wife of Carl Ruby, late of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, a daughter. Galloway—Oct. 22, Toronto, Mrs. H. A. Galloway, a son. Nellie—Oct. 20, Toronto, Mrs. Bertram Nellie, a daughter. Barrington—Oct. 20, Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Barrington, a son. Mayell—Sept. 30, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur Mayell, a son.

Gooderham—Oct. 16, Toronto, Mrs. Geo. H. Gooderham, a daughter. Bailey—Oct. 15, Stoneham, Virginia, U.S., Mrs. Louis J. C. Bailey, a son. Vivian—Oct. 16, Barrie, Mrs. R. F. Vivian, a son.

#### Marriages.

Inksetter—Noble—At Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, 22nd October, by Rev. Dr. Milligan, Margaret Johnson Noble of this city to William Elsworth Inksetter of Alajuela, Costa Rica. Alexander—Laird—Oct. 16, Norval, W. H. Alexander, M.D., to Edith Laird. Reid—Woodbridge—Oct. 15, Toronto, Murray James Woodbridge to Mary Reid. Brown—Bennett—Oct. 15, Toronto, Richard Norman Brown to Grace Barclay Bennett. Maddison—Lee—Toronto, Amy Lee to Warwick Maddison. Kerr—Kerr—Oct. 15, Toronto, Jean Kerr to Thomas Kerr, M.D. Puttick—James—Oct. 16, Toronto, Caroline James to Arthur William Puttick. Knight—Flowerday—Oct. 18, Toronto, Nellie Flowerday to Thomas Knight. Cameron—Jaffray—Oct. 22, Toronto, Wellington Ault Cameron to Elizabeth Jaffray. Ross—Harper—Oct. 22, Toronto, Donald Ross to Emma Harper. Pottenger—Martin—Oct. 16, "Derreclaire," Frederick Watkin Pottenger to Georgina Margaret Martin.

#### Deaths.

Lyons—Oct. 22, New York City, Elias H. Lyons, aged 36 years. Smith—Oct. 22, Gravenhurst, Florence Edna Smith, aged 21 years. Jones—Oct. 20, Deer Park, Henry Edwin Jones, aged 38 years. Oliver—Oct. 20, Toronto, Charles McKenzie Oliver. Keele—Oct. 20, Toronto, Christina Graham. Eastmure—Oct. 19, Toronto, Gladys Ethelwyn Eastmure, aged 10 years. Kormann—Toronto, Mrs. Mary Eva Kormann, aged 61 years. Hackett—Oct. 19, Toronto, Margaret Hackett. Meek—Oct. 13, Port Arthur, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Meek. Stewart—Oct. 17, Hamilton, R. Wallace Stewart, aged 18 years. Checkley—Oct. 2, Guayaquil, Cuba, Olive Cranston Checkley, aged 14 years.

**Electrolysis, Massage and Manicuring** Superfluous Hair, Moles, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed. Freshness, beauty and contour restored to face and form. A perfect system of hand culture. Sole Canadian agent for preparations of Isabel Cassidy, New York. Mrs. Gibbons, room 29, Odd Fellows Building, corner Yonge and College. Telephone, 2022 N.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)  
The Leading Undertaker  
Phone 670. 232 YONGE STREET

W. H. STONE  
UNDERTAKER  
YONGE 343 STREET  
Phone—Main 932

### RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

### HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS

October 24th to Nov. 1st, 1902 (inclusive). Round trip tickets will be issued from stations in Canada, Brockville and West at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE, valid returning until Dec. 13th, 1902 (for earlier, from Lake points, if navigation closes before Dec. 13th, 1902), to

THE "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO," the Sportsman's Paradise, Muskoka Lakes District, Lake of Bays, Magnetawan River, Lake Nipissing, Severn to North Bay inclusive, Lindsay to Haliburton, Cobocomb, Farry Sound, Mattawa, etc.

Toronto to Detroit. Fast trains leave Toronto, 4.50 p.m. and 11.50 p.m., arriving Detroit 1.10 p.m., 18.35 p.m., 9.30 p.m. and 7.25 a.m. First two carry Pullman Parlor Cars to Detroit. The International Limited at 4.50 p.m., has wide vestibuled coaches, Cafe Parlor Car, and the 11.20 p.m. Express has through Pullman Sleeping Car to Detroit.

Tickets good to return until Dec. 13th, or until close of navigation, if earlier. Ask your nearest Canadian Pacific Agent for copy "FISHING AND SHOOTING" and "SPORTSMEN'S MAP."

For information, tickets, reservations, etc., apply to J. W. HYDER, C. P. & T. A., N. W. cor. King and Yonge Sts. Phone Main 4209.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

### HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS

1902

#### SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

On Oct. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31 and November 1st.

From all Stations in Ontario, Sharbot Lake, Windsor, Wingham, Tesevater, Owen Sound and intermediate stations, also Hamilton.

To all points Mattawa to Nipigon and Carden, inclusive, also Knapawa and Temiskaming, Hawlock to Sharbot Lake, inclusive, and points on Canada Atlantic Ry.

Tickets good to return until Dec. 13th, or until close of navigation, if earlier.

Ask your nearest Canadian Pacific Agent for copy "FISHING AND SHOOTING" and "SPORTSMEN'S MAP."

A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Passenger Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

"Forest, Stream and Seashore." "Intercolonial Tour to Summer Haunts."

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

DESCRIBE THE SUMMER RESORTS OF.

QUEBEC, NEW BRUNSWICK, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, (the Garden of the Gulf), NOVA SCOTIA.

Write for copies to W. M. ROBINSON, 10 King Street West, Toronto.

## INEXPENSIVE GLASS TILES...

The most elegant and sanitary covering for walls of Kitchens and Bath-rooms known to this age.

ESTIMATES FREE.

TORONTO PLATE GLASS IMPORTING CO. HILL & RUTHERFORD Show-rooms—135 to 143 VICTORIA ST., TORONTO

## The Humphrey System

Self-Lighting, High Candle Power

## Gas Arc Lights

for the lighting of stores and large areas gives a BRIGHT and STEADY light than an Electric Arc. A complete revolution of gas lighting. One quarter the cost of electricity.

CANADIAN INCANDESCENT GAS LIGHT CO. 71 QUEEN EAST. Tel.—M. 235.

## MAKING A WILL...

The greater the efforts put forth by an individual to secure the property for the benefit of his family or others the more imperative becomes the duty of making a will.

We will give you free for the asking the various forms of wills which will enable you to draw up your will without any further trouble.

## The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited.

Capital Subscribed, \$2,000,000.00 Capital Paid Up, 500,000.00

Office and Safe Deposit Vaults 14 King Street West, Toronto.

HON. J. R. STRATTON, President. T. P. COFFEY, Manager.

## ONLY VENTILATED MATTRESS



THE ONLY MATTRESS THAT NEVER SAGS NEVER GETS LUMPY NEVER GETS HARD

Awarded: ROME MEDAL at Toronto Industrial.

Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co. 935 KING STREET WEST. Phone, Main 4533. TORONTO. Ask your dealer for it. Write us for circular.

# WILLIAMS PIANOS

Endorsed by the best authorities in the world.

143 Yonge Street TORONTO.